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The Wofford College Journal

FEBRUARY

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINETEEN

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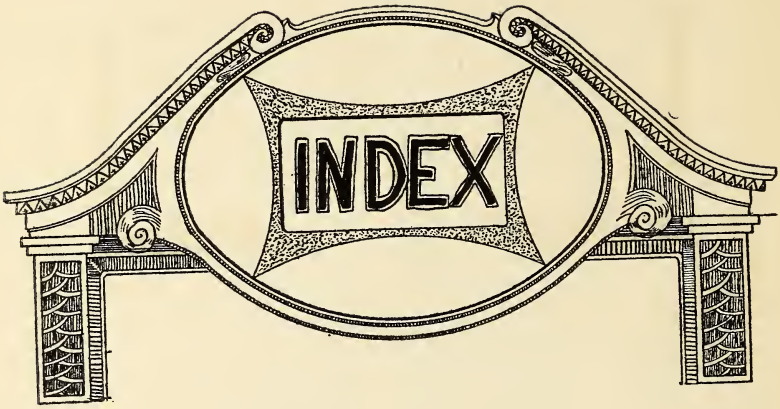

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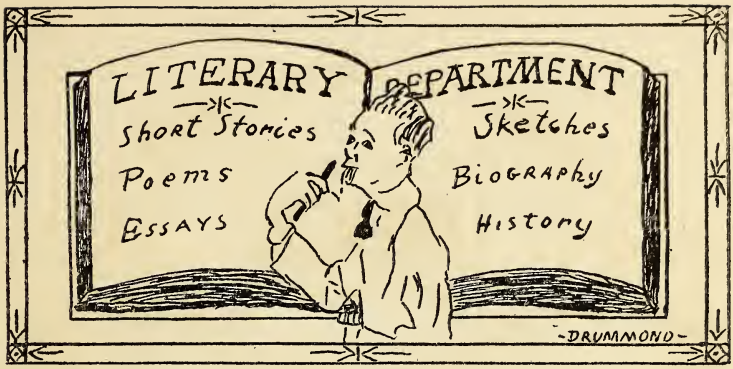

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A TRIBUTE TO DR. SCOTT

THE EPIDEMIC of influenza which has swept our land from sea to sea has removed from the earth many choice spirits. Among these belongs, in the opinion of all who knew him, the name of Mr. J. W. Scott, Jr., of Greenwood, S. C., who fell asleep in Woodberry, N. J., on October 10th.

In his death attached a peculiar sadness. For he was an only son, who was also an only child.

> "For he was a son unto his father,
> Tender and only beloved of his mother."

Though an only child and the recipient of all the attention and affection of his fond parents, yet he was not a spoiled child. From childhood days, the relationship between parents and son was one of peculiar tenderness and sweetness, a rich source of happiness. They were companions, these three, and the comradeship was as beautiful as it was delightful. Such was the spirit and behavior of the son that he was never the cause of anxiety and distress to his mother and father. He gave them pleasure, and not pain, all the days of his life. Happy the parents who have such a son.

> "A wise son maketh a glad Father";
> Aye, and a glad mother, too?

His departure was sad because of what he was not only to his parents, but also to others. He was a citizen whom this earth can ill afford to lose. He loved and sought the good and the high and enduring. He was a man of ideas and ideals; of lofty principles and unquestioned probiety; of noble aspirations and endeavors. He was ambitious for an earthly career worthy of his abilities and opportunities. He had scholarly tastes and made scholarly attainments. He held an A. B. degree from Wofford, an M. A. from Vanderbilt, and a Ph. D. from Chapel Hill. And he was honored with the offer of a position on the faculty of each of his alma maters, a threefold testimonial to the high esteem in which he was held.

His doctor's degree was only a fortnight before his seemingly untimely death. It is a comfort to reflect that he who had just graduated from the schools of men has now matriculated in the University of the Skies, where, in the companionship of "just men made perfect," he shall engage in the pursuit of knowledge forever under a Faculty of which the Son of God Himself is Dean. His chief handicap here was a weak body. This has been laid aside and will not hinder him there.

"J. W.," as he was familiarly called, was not only a good son and a good citizen, but, best of all, he was a good Christian. He was ambitious for a heavenly character as well as an earthly career. The career, interrupted here, is going on there; the character, begun here, is being completed and crowned there.

He joined the church at the early age of nine. He loved the "Kingdom of the Lord, the House of His abode," and was active in its work and worship. Beyond most men, he was pure in thought, speech and life. As a youth, he sowed no "wild oats," and as a man he had none to gather. He was one of those of whom David wrote in the long ago:

> "As for the saints that are in the earth,
> They are the excellent in whom is all my delight."

The writer heard one say, since his death, that she was seldom in his company that she did not feel the better for the

touch of his influence. He who had so lived that his very presence is a blessing has surely not lived in vain. Such a life, however short, is a success. For the measure of a life is not its length, but its legacy.

When this young scholar, patriot and Christian, this lover of books, was found dead in his room, the Bible, this book and none other, was found lying beside his pillow. To the living there are many books, but to the dying there is only one. What can death do to a man whose head is pillowed on the Word of Life? It can only loose him and let him go into larger life and liberty.

So lived and died J. W. Scott, Jr. Who follows in his train?

MRS. JAMES CALHOUN BURNS.

"DEATH"

BY H. B. HORTON

Our life is but a flying day,
  In which we strive to win our goal
Before the hand of death does lay
  Its clutching grasp on all but soul,
Which quietly slips on its aerial way
  To leave our bodies stiff and cold.

And soon we come to pearly gate,
  Where sits a man with aged look,
From whom some learn, alas! too late,
  Their words and acts in judgment book
To doom their souls to merciless fate
  For that which they on earth forsook.

But some who strove to do their best
  Forget their trials and enter in
The golden home of heavenly rest,
  In which they find no pain nor sin,
No toils, no cares, nor worldly test,
  But love that knows no death nor end.

Has death a sting that we abhor
  When such a life for us does wait?
And should we fear our evening star
  If such will be our future fate?
When we in life have sailed so far
  That death does lead us to this gate.

THE RED CROSS SOCIETY

URING the past fifty years there has been a remarkable advance the world over toward altruism, philanthropy and humanitarianism. This fact is very evident. One has only to compare the conditions of mankind fifty years ago with those of today to notice the decided steps that have been taken toward the betterment of mankind. This advancement has not been promoted by private persons only, but by the governments of the nations of the earth, after their attention has been called to the existing conditions which they could help remedy. We have laws to remedy certain evils that have existed many years, and for sudden, unexpected calamities—such as is often the fate of mankind—there are various semi-governmental societies for rendering help to those who have experienced such calamities. It is with one of these societies that this sketch deals. This society is the Red Cross Society, which has done such a great and noble work in this present war.

The Red Cross movement is one of recent years. The sufferings of the soldiers in the Crimean War first directed the world's humane impulses for the systematic care of the wounded and gave permanent fame to the name of Florence Nightingale, who during her long life rendered incomparable service in hospital management, in the training of nurses and improving the conditions of camp life. In 1859, during the Franco-Austrian War, when the Swiss humanitarian, M. Henri Dunant, was visiting Italy as a tourist, he was caught in the dreadful carnage of the battle of Solferino. Dunant personally ministered to the wounded, and, what is more important, he organized volunteers in the vicinity to help him in the work. Soon after he formulated the first proposals for volunteer associations to care for the wounded of war and for the neutralization of the personnel of such relief associations. His prophetic vision even embraced the services which such associations could render in the time of epidemics, floods and other catastrophes. M. Dunant's appeals resulted in the preliminary

conference, held at Geneva in 1863, which led in turn to an official international conference in Geneva in 1864.

At this conference the United States was not officially represented, owing to the fact that the War of Secession was raging at that time. However, during this war, Clara Barton, a native of Massachusetts, had started a similar movement in the United States, although it was not connected in any way with the movement which had started in Europe. During the war she distributed large quantities of supplies for the relief of the wounded, and at its close organized at Washington a bureau of records to aid in the search of those who were missing. She also identified and marked the graves of several thousand soldiers in the National Cemetery in Georgia. In order to carry on this great work, Miss Barton spent $8,000 of her own money, which was afterwards refunded to her by the government, besides large donations. During the war she won the name "Angel of the Battlefield," and after the war she was famous and went around over the country lecturing about her work and soliciting aid. In 1869, owing to ill-health, her physician advised her to take a sea voyage, and she set sail for Switzerland. Upon her arrival at Geneva, she was visited by members of the International Committee of the Red Cross, who sought her co-operation in order to have the United States become a party to the Treaty of Geneva. She was begged to make a study of the Red Cross Society on her tour through Europe, which she did. She was in Switzerland when the Franco-Prussian War broke out, and was urged to go see the practical working of the Red Cross in time of war. She was present at nearly all the battles of this fiercely fought war, and worked in several hospitals. For her brave services, she was decorated with the Iron Cross by the German Emperor. During these two years she saw in all its grandeur the beneficent work of the Red Cross and the Treaty of Geneva, and she pledged herself that she would devote the rest of her life, if necessary, to introducing and carrying forward this great institution in the United States.

Miss Barton returned to America in 1873, and became ill.

For several years she was almost an invalid, but upon recovering she made her first effort to carry out her pledge. For a number of unavoidable reasons the accomplishment was not effected until March 1, 1882, when President Arthur proclaimed to the world that the United States had entered into the Treaty of Geneva. In Geneva bonfires were lighted in celebration of the news that this country had become a Red Cross nation. Miss Barton was very properly made president of the American Red Cross Society, and she held this most responsible office for twenty-two years.

The Geneva Convention, adopted in 1864, revised in 1906, and given additional force by The Hague Conferences, was the formal beginning of the Red Cross, and for that reason is sometimes called the "Red Cross Treaty." As a distinguishing badge would be necessary, it was decided that out of compliment to Switzerland, the principal factor in creating the organization, her flag should be adopted, with the colors reversed, and thus the Red Cross on a white field became the sign of the greatest humanitarian association that the world has ever known. "The Red Cross stands for sacrifice, for giving life, as the warm, crimson blood gives life to the body. The cross has the same length on all four sides of its arms, to signify that it gives equally to all, high or low, east or west. It stands alone always, no words or markings on it, to show that the Red Cross workers have only one thought—to serve. They ask no questions, they care not whether the wounded be ours or of another people—their duty is to give, and to give quickly. The Red Cross stands on a white ground, because real sacrifice can come only from pure hearts. Service must come, not from hate, but from love, from the noblest thoughts and wishes of the heart, or it will fail. That is why the children love this flag. It is drawing them by the millions in the schools of our land, in a wonderful army of rescue under the President, to make, to save, to give for others. And some day the children of all lands, under the Red Cross, will teach the grown people the ways of understanding and of friendship; the beautiful meaning of the Red Cross which is

echoed in their lives." However, it will be only after this present war that the races of mankind will accept the truths that may be taught by the children brought up under the standards of the Red Cross, the emblem of brotherly love, sacrifice and unselfishness. Every army is now closely followed by the Red Cross with every thing which long experience has shown will be needed when the emergency comes.

The work of the American Red Cross is today divided into two parts, namely: Civilian Red Cross Work, and Military Red Cross Work.

The purpose of the Civilian Red Cross Work is: (1) To engage in civilian relief, including (a) the care and education of destitute children; (b) care of mutilated soldiers; (c) care of sick and disabled soldiers; (d) relief work in the devastated areas of France and Belgium, such as furnishing to the inhabitants of these districts agricultural implements, household goods, foods, clothing and such temporary shelter as will enable them to return to their homes; (e) to provide relief for and guard against the increase of tuberculosis. (2) To furnish relief for soldiers and civilians held as prisoners by the enemy, and to give assistance to such civilians as are returned to France from time to time from the parts of Belgium and France held by the enemy. (3) To supply financial assistance to committees, societies or individuals allied with the American Red Cross and carrying on relief work in Europe.

The general lines of activity undertaken in France by the American Red Cross have been determined after a careful survey of the situation by the Red Cross Commission. The purposes of the Military Red Cross Work may be outlined as follows: (1) To establish and maintain hospitals for soldiers in the American army in France. (2) To establish and maintain canteens, rest houses, recreation huts and other means of supplying comforts and recreations as the army authorities may approve. (3) To establish and maintain in France canteens, rest houses, recreation huts and other means of supplying comforts and recreation for the soldiers in the armies of our allies. (4) To distribute hospital equipment

and supplies of all kinds to military hospitals for soldiers of the American or allied armies.

The above is the outline of the purposes of the American Red Cross during the present war. However, in addition to its great work during the time of war, the Red Cross Society does much to relieve suffering at all times when calamities, floods, famines, etc., occur. It makes no distinction of class, creed or race. It is a relief clearing house, permanent, responsible and experienced. At the first cry of distress, the Red Cross workers are on the scene, whether on the battlefield or elsewhere.

The Red Cross Society is the greatest organization in the world today to alleviate the pains, sorrow and grief brought about by war. It would be difficult and sad to try to imagine the condition of the soldiers who fought on the battle front without the aid of the Red Cross Society. Through the Red Cross one-half of the nation, namely, the women, can very effectively serve their country in the war emergency. Shortly after the United States entered the war President Wilson, realizing the vast importance of the Red Cross Society and owing to the fact that its workings required much money, called for $100,000,000 to be donated by the United States to carry on this work. One week was designated as Red Cross Week, in which this amount was asked to be raised. The American people showed their willingness to respond to this request by giving an amount over twice as large as the amount asked for. Since this country entered the war thousands of Red Cross chapters, branches and auxiliaries have been organized to meet the demands of the war, and the women of this great nation have done their bit with much enthusiasm and interest. What mother, sister or friend would not do so when knowing the real value of the service performed by the Red Cross to our soldiers? The results accomplished by the Red Cross Society in the present war are very evident. A casual glance at a daily newspaper more than likely revealed the news of a heroic deed performed by the Red Cross workers. Today the world has just passed through the

most terrible carnage that it has ever known, and if it were not for the Red Cross Society the amount of suffering would have been vastly greater. To Clara Barton America owes a great debt. She was the one important person in this country who did more than any other to cause the United States to become a Red Cross nation. To her solely is due that honor. We are thankful to her, and we are also thankful that the womanhood of our nation today is instilled with the spirit of Clara Barton and the spirit of humanitarianism.

W., '19.

A BILLET-DOUX

I know not, care not, what they call it—
This dainty little letter—
But still it wields a mighty force
For evil or for better.

For oft, when tempted to go wrong,
Or when the heart is blue,
There comes this messenger of love
To hold us firm and true.

And when our hope is almost gone,
And troubles crush the heart,
It comes, as if a dove of peace,
To bid them all depart.

And, ah! the joy that it doth bring
Was never meant for word!
It bids the spirit upward fly,
As doth the happy bird.

Troubles and cares that vex the heart,
And seem so hard to bear,
Can never stand before this love,
But quickly disappear.

Then come, thou messenger of love,
Like Holy Love Divine,
And bring that priceless gift to me
And let me call it mine!

J. C. I., '19.

VERBS AND MEN—A COMPARISON

EN ARE very much like verbs. Verbs are the elements in grammar which perform the actions; men are the ones in this world who do the work. Verbs are the most important members of a sentence; men are the most important in life.

Some verbs are more useful than others, and so it is with men. There are active verbs, and there are active men. There are transitive verbs, and there are transitive men. Transitive verbs make an assertion which takes effect on the object; transitive men make their acts take effect on others.

Some verbs, just as with men, are less important than others. There are passive verbs, and there are passive men. Take, for instance the verb *to do*. In life, industrious men do everything, but the slothful men *are done* by their fellow townsmen. There are defective verbs and defective men. There are irregular verbs and irregular men. There are stong and weak verbs, as well as men. There are auxiliary verbs, and there are men who depend on others for existence.

J. B. B., '22.

THE TABLES TURNED

THE STORM CLOUDS that had been gathering all afternoon suddenly turned loose their fury on the lonely stretch of Bear Creek road near old Bethlehem Church, and Pete Maloney urged his horse forward at as great a speed as that rather antiquated creature was capable of traveling in order to reach the church before he was completely drenched. There were many rumors circulating about the country concerning the experiences various people had had with ghosts at this old church, and Pete did not relish the idea of spending an hour or so alone in that desolate place; but there was no alternative left for him to accept, and therefore he made for the church as fast as possible. Every one who has traveled along a country road in the dead of night knows how lonely and forsaken a country church, with its adjacent cemetery, looks, and to the human mind such a spot seems to be the most logical one for the habitation of those spirits to whom rest is denied after their departure from this world. Now Pete had never believed in those wild rumors about ghosts and had assured himself that such stories were only the product of weak or distorted minds. However, as he neared that well known building, a faint, indescribable fear crept into his heart, for the storm seemed to add to the desolate loneliness of the place. But, after hastily hitching his old horse, he entered the church and took a seat as near the door as possible, and, as the time passed without anything occurring he became more assured and settled himself as comfortably as possible, hoping that the storm would soon abate so he might reach his destination before ten o'clock.

Perhaps about fifteen or twenty minutes had passed when he heard the welcome sound of a horse galloping towards the church, and the prospect of some one with whom he could pass the time was indeed cheering. But when he heard the voice of the rider, he realized that it was old Gus, who had often repeated the tales concerning the appearances of ghosts at Bethlehem Church, but who had always repeatedly denied

the existence of ghosts and boldly declared that he could not be frightened by a spectre of any description. Pete heard Gus taking the saddle off his mule, and suddenly there entered into his mind the mischievous impulse to give the old negro a good scare by having some fun out of him. Therefore, when Gus threw his saddle into the church door before he hitched his mule, Pete immediately picked it up and threw it out again.

It was exceedingly difficult to keep from laughing when he heard the exclamation of astonishment that came from the negro's lips when he stumbled over the saddle as he went to run into the door, for he had been positive that he had thrown the saddle into the church. But, concluding that he might have been mistaken, he picked up the saddle and threw it into the door again; and again it was thrown out. This greatly astounded the old negro, but he decided that probably he had not thrown the saddle quite hard enough, and, seizing it, again he threw it as hard as he could into the church, and again it was thrown back at his feet. This proved to be too much for Gus' nerves, and he ran for his mule at full speed, leaving his saddle behind, and getting the mule untied in some way he mounted and rode away at full tilt, in spite of the storm.

Pete laughed until his sides ached over the prospect of teasing the old negro about the incident, although he did not expect to own up to being the perpetrator of the deed. But, as he went to take his seat, he saw an indefinable shape moving about in the chancel. At first, he was inclined to believe that some one was trying to give him a scare, but he soon realized that they would not have waited so long, and besides the spectre didn't have a shape like that of a human being. The storm was still raging outside, and he wasn't at all inclined to follow Gus' example, even though he felt very uncomfortable. Therefore, he quietly slipped into a pew and, with a throbbing heart, he awaited the results.

The white form continued to move about in the chancel, as if undecided what to do, until finally it began to walk slowly and mysteriously down the aisle on the opposite side of the

church from Pete. At first, he was too astonished to move, and he did not recover the use of his limbs until the spectre had gotten between him and the door and was slowly coming on towards him. Then Pete got up and began walking down the aisle at a pace a little more rapid than usual, whereupon the figure began to follow him at the same pace. Pete suddenly remembered that there was a door in the back of the church and made for it, but when he reached it he found that for some reason it had been nailed shut, and therefore that avenue of escape was gone and the only other exit from the building was by the front door. In the meantime, the spectre had almost reached the front of the church, and when Pete started down the aisle towards the door, it crossed over to that side by means of a pew. Thus cut off, Pete was forced to cross to the other side, and immediately his pursuer crossed over again.

By this time Pete had become rather frightened, and determined to make a desperate dash for liberty. Thus, when he got on the side nearest the door, he started for it at full speed, and would have made his escape if he had not tripped over his saddle and fallen. But, just as he gave himself up for lost, a brilliant flash of lightning revealed his pursuer to be a large, white goat that had sought refuge in the church from the fury of the storm. After recovering his breath, Pete laughed very heartily over his own experience as he realized that the familiar animal had turned the tables on him and frightened him as badly as he had scared old Gus.

After the storm was over, he continued his journey, taking old Gus' saddle with him and leaving it on the old negro's porch, where it was discovered the next morning by its greatly astonished owner. The experience was too amusing to be kept secret, and Pete was forced to tell about it, much to the delight of old Gus. It was not surprising that Pete was ever after called "Goat" by the community, and he concluded that he had the worst of the affair, although Gus always found urgent business elsewhere whenever the subject of ghosts was mentioned.

J. P. B., '19.

TWILIGHT

Oh, pause and gaze with trembling heart
  On the glorious western skies,
As the sun's last golden rays depart
  And a day forever dies.

As the darkness slowly creeps between,
  And shuts them from our view;
As one by one the stars are seen,
  And the grass is wet with dew.

As over yonder's distant hill,
  With accents thin and clear,
Comes the plaintive call of the whippoorwill
  To his mate in the forest near.

As the cattle slowly, one by one,
  With silvery tinkling bell,
Seek home, as the day is almost done,
  From their wand'rings through the dell.

As the owl—that lover of the night—
  Like Solomon of old,
With eyes that show a wisdom bright,
  Comes forth so brave and bold.

And the bat, as if he would defy
  The sun's last golden rays,
Doth place his image in the sky,
  While darting on his ways.

And then, each tiny insect voice,
  As if with rapture thrilled,
Gives forth the music of its choice
  Till earth and sky seems filled.

For each, with its peculiar grace,
  Its tiny bit doth give,
To make this world a happier place
  For you and I to live.

J. C. I., '19.

LEE AND HIS ARMY

IN THE study of Robert E. Lee's relations with his army, we study the character of the man who was able for three years—and long after—to hold the absolute devotion of scores of thousands of soldiers. Other generals have led loyal and enthusiastic armies from victory to victory, but this general held the devotion and confidence of his army through defeat, disaster and final ruin. And perhaps no other general ever had an army of which to be more proud; and, what is more, this wonderful army was built up from the chaotic afflux of volunteers by the wonderful ability of this military genius. It seems that the way in which he created and held the devotion of this great army was that he treated it not merely as a fighing machine, but as a great human body. And by his special care of his soldiers he was able to gain the trust of each and every one, even to such a degree that they were willing even to starve if he should bid them to.

In controlling and disciplining his army, Lee acted not merely as a military superior, but as a parent. His relation seemed similar to that of a father to his sons, and the effect of this control is amply showed in a testimony of General Hooker, an enemy who had felt the results of this army, who says: "With a rank and file vastly inferior to our own, intellectually and physically, that army has, by discipline alone, acquired a character for steadiness and efficiency unsurpassed, in my judgment, in ancient or modern times. We have not been able to rival it, nor has there been any near approximation to it in the other rebel armies."

General Lee has sometimes been accused of being too mild with his soldiers, but we find that he did not overlook the need for severity in dealing with refractory soldiers, for at the very beginning of the war he wrote to a subordinate, "You must establish rigid discipline." He insisted on order and regulation, and strove to repress camp vices. His orders were strict against pillage during invasion, and he was equally ready to inflict the death penalty in case of desertion. But he seemed

to feel acutely the pain that these punishments brought. Withal, he was lenient, perhaps too lenient, and longed as a father would to work by persuasion rather than by violence. His policy always seemed to be "sympathetic encouragement rather than the spur of the lash."

In disciplining his officers General Lee experienced many more difficulties, but perhaps no other general ever disciplined his officers with more kindness and patience. He could discipline them in such a way that even those who were dismissed by him lost not one jot of their affection for him. A beautiful testimony of this comes from Early, who was dismissed by him, and yet could say after the war, "It is difficult for those who did not know him personally to understand the wonderful magnamity of character which induced General Lee often to take the chances of incurring censure himself rather than run the risk of doing possible injustice to another." Yet he could rebuke, and that sternly, but usually he gave his criticism some turn of sympathetic suggestion or even kindly laughter. Nevertheless, in spite of his mildness, he was also feared. For as Major Ranson said, "I believe all his officers feared him. They loved him as men are seldom loved, but they feared him, too." Yet, in spite of the fear and love of these officers, they often grieved him by their quarrels and strivings for promotion. Lee himself absolutely disclaimed any desire for advancement, and no one seems to doubt his sincerity. His every action seemed to show that he thought only on his country and his duty. But, as Mr. Bradford says, "It is impossible to estimate the time, the strength, the nervous energy that must have been expended in counseling patience, in soothing injured vanity, in forestalling compliments and in urging the sacrifice of personal gain, credit and advantage to the cause which all were bound to serve." Yet, in spite of his devotion to his officers, there was a certain dignity about him which prevented them from being at ease with him. His dignity was such that caused men to love to gaze on him. As says the *Richmond Dispatch,* "It is surprising to see how eager the men of his army are always to get a good view of General Lee, for, though a person

has seen him a hundred times, yet he never tires looking at him." Yet, when occasion brought him into close contact even with the common soldier, his manner was absolutely simple, as of equal to equal, of man to man. Another beauty of his character, and one which enhanced his dignity, was that he was a devoted Christian himself and thought of each man in his army as a soul to be saved. Even in the midst of urgent duty he would stop and take part in a camp prayer meeting and listen to the exhortation of some ragged veteran as a young convert might listen to an apostle.

One great characteristic of General Lee, and one which won the hearts of his soldiers, was his own simple method of living. He lived simply as they did, and seemed always to care more for the comfort of others than for his own.

That this great general was beloved by his army it is needless to say, for he was immensely beloved, beloved as few generals have ever been. Officers and soldiers trusted him—not in victory alone, but even in defeat. Even in the darkest days of the war they never ceased to trust him, and this trust was still unshaken when the final disaster came. Not only did they trust him, but they loved him supremely. So great was their love for him that, as several observers have said, "When he appeared in the presence of his troops, he was sometimes cheered vociferously, but far more frequently his coming was greeted with a profound silence, which expressed more truly than cheers could have done the well-nigh religious reverence with which the men regarded his person." Also another says, "Such was the love and veneration of the men for him that they came to look upon the cause as General Lee's cause, and they fought for it because they loved him. To them he represented cause, country and all." Nor was their love unreturned, for he loved and trusted them. Again and again he declares his confidence in his followers and his affection for them. After Gettysburg, he says to them: "You have fought a fierce and sanguinary battle, which, if not attended with the success that has hitherto crowned your efforts, was marked by the same heroic spirit which has commanded the respect of

your enemies, the gratitude of your country and the admiration of mankind."

This love of his soldiers for him continued not only through the bitter struggle, but ever after. This is beautifully shown by an incident which happened one day, as he was riding along, when he met an old Confederate soldier: "Oh, General," said the fellow, "it does me so much good to see you that I'm going to cheer." General Lee protested, but he cheered just the same. "And," as Mr. Bradford says, "as the great soldier passed slowly out of hearing through the Virginia forest, it seems to me that his heart and his eyes must have overflowed at the thought of a great cause lost, of fidelity in ruin, and of the thousands and thousands who had cheered him once and in the spirit would go on cheering him forever."

J. C. I., '19.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S THRIFTOGRAMS

The 187th anniversary of George Washington's birthday is being celebrated today. Washington, the successful builder of a nation, gave voice to rules for personal and national success which are as applicable in this 1919 year of necessary thrift as in his day. Here are some of his words on the use of money and resources that might have been written for the present situation in America:

I am no more disposed to squander than to stint.

Economy makes happy homes and sound nations. Instill it deep.

It is not the lowest priced goods that are always the cheapest.

I cannot enjoin too strongly upon you a due observance of economy and frugality.

Keep an account book and enter therein every farthing of your receipts and expenditures.

Promote frugality and industry by example, encourage manufactures, and avoid disposition to waste.

Reason, too late perhaps, may convince you of the folly of misspending time.

There is no proverb in the whole catalogue of them more true than a penny saved is a penny got.

Nothing but harmony, honesty, industry, and frugality are necessary to make us a great and happy nation.

These statements by George Washington as to wise personal economy might be paraphrased today in the injunction of the National Thrift Campaign—spend wisely, save intelligently, avoid waste—and invest safely; buy War Savings Stamps and Thrift Stamps.

IN MEMORIAM

FRANCIS LeROY CHENNAULT, '17

June —, 1895—January 20, 1919

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Contributions for the Literary Department must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. Short stories, essays and poems are solicited, and this department is open to every student.

Three medals are given by the Staff during the year. A short story medal is given to the member of any class submitting the best story. One medal is given for the best essay coming from any student, and one for the best poem.

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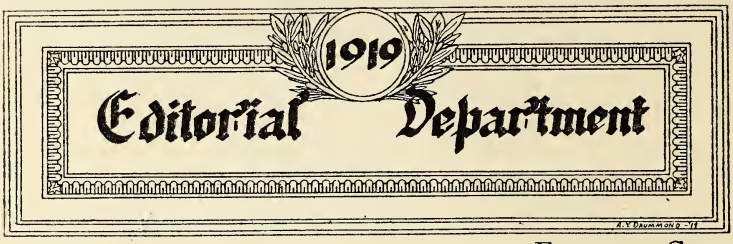


J. P. Barron.....Editor-in-Chief
G. E. Moore.....Assistant Editor-in-Chief

The End of the S. A. T. C.

Without any doubt, every man on the campus was glad to see the Student Army Training Corps of Wofford College disbanded and to realize that our college would return once more to the peace basis and would resume again her work of preparing young men for the great duties of life and of citizenship. Old Wofford has always been ready to serve our country's need and, together with the rest of the colleges of the country, immediately tendered her entire resources to the government to be used for the successful prosecution of the war as soon as it became evident that some kind of student organization would be necessary. The faculty set to work as soon as directions could be received from the War Department and, together with the aid of the efficient officers that were assigned here for duty, the organization of the student body into an army corps was soon perfected. Through the foresight of the authorities in handling the "flu" situation it was not necessary to temporarily suspend the regular schedule, and in this way our corps succeeded in getting almost a month ahead of most of the other institutions of the State, who were less fortunate and had to disband temporarily. The results achieved were things of which every Wofford man was proud, and all realized that these results would not have been possible if it had not been for the hearty co-operation of the faculty and military authorities.

While the war lasted, every man was eager for an opportunity to go to an officers' training camp, and the officers had

no trouble in securing prompt and willing obedience from the men. But the signing of the armistice took all the "pep" out of things, and the duties that had been cheerfully performed became rather irksome. This was only natural, as the great motive that had inspired the men was gone, and naturally they wished to receive their discharges as soon as possible and desired to see the college return to a pre-war basis. Therefore, all were glad to receive their discharges on the 9th of December, and the faculty very wisely decided that it was best to allow the men to go home immediately and to wait until after the holidays to reorganize the courses of study. As an appreciation of the efforts of our officers in our behalf, the students took up a collection and presented the commandant, Lieutenant Scott, with one hundred dollars in gold, and each of the other officers with suitable presents. This action typified the spirit of the men in this new experience, but since the war was over every man wanted the old Wofford back again that he had learned to love. Although the college men of the land were glad to do all they could to help in the great war for the freedom of the world, undoubtedly this experience has put a lasting desire in their hearts for universal peace and would cause them to unanimously oppose any effort to make a militaristic nation out of America, should such a thing be conceivable.

The Literary Societies

One of the gravest mistakes that a man can make in college is to neglect his literary society work. Knowing the vital importance of men learning how to speak in public and to be able to think accurately and quickly on their feet, the faculty has made membership in one of the three societies compulsory, and it is necessary for a man to get a diploma from his society before he can get his college diploma. But this does not keep the men from attending society very rarely and neglecting to do their share of the work. Every year on their last night in society Seniors express their regret at not having taken a more active part in society and urge the re-

maining members to put all the time they possibly can on their society work; but every year history repeats itself, and men express their regrets over their failure to take advantage of their opportunities. Now especially, during the difficult times of getting back into the old routine, men are neglecting this important phase of college work. There are a great many other activities that seem to take up most of a man's time, but no student, from Senior to Freshman, can afford to let anything, however important it may seem, take the time that should be given to society work. Many a man out in life would give a great deal if he had only had the opportunities that many men are throwing away now at college, and college students should become aware of this fact before it is too late. College men are supposed to be thinking men; therefore, fellows, let's put all that we can into our society work and bring our societies up to what they should be.

College Spirit

An effort is being made to put out athletic teams under very difficult circumstances this year, and it is the duty of every true Wofford man to go out to the games; and when he is approached by a member of the Athletic Advisory Board and asked for a contribution he should cheerfully contribute as much as he feels that he is able to. Not only is it necessary for him to be out at the game, but he should make himself heard and let the team know that he is back of it. Very often a game is lost because the students failed to properly support the team from the side lines, and the players become disheartened and fail to play their best simply because it seems that it doesn't matter to their fellow students whether the game is won or lost. A cheer leader is powerless unless he has the unqualified support of the men whom he is trying to lead, and when things are looking gloomy it is no time for the men to become downcast, for that is the time when cheers are most needed. And what if the game is lost, if the team has done its best and its supporters have done their part? There is no disgrace connected with an honorable defeat, so long as the spirit of the student

body remains unconquered. There should be no place on a college campus for the knocker, and every man would do well to follow the excellent advice of that old adage, "Sell your hammer and buy a horn," when he feels prone to knock his own team.

But college spirit does not apply solely to athletics, although they are an important phase of college activity; but it also applies itself very vitally to the maintenance of the proper ideals and traditions on the campus. Nothing is so undermining to the spirit of an institution than the circulation of untrue reports concerning any member of the faculty and leading new men to distrust a man who otherwise would be capable of probably rendering invaluable service to that student. The writer had the privilege of reading an excellent editorial in another college magazine on "The Freedom of Thought and Speech on a College Campus," and that article pointed out the danger of such men to a college and advised that some plan be devised to rid a college of such pessimistic characters. A man has no right to circulate a rumor unless he is sure of its authenticity, and even then a man who has a true college spirit in him will not try to spread a report that may destroy some new student's faith in a professor. Men who have the welfare of their institution at heart will do all they can to imbibe into the new students a respect and love for the professors and authorities whom he knows has the welfare of every man on the campus on his heart.

An Explanation

Due to the fact that practically every phase of college life has had to be reorganized, every one's time has been pretty well taken up and it has been almost impossible for the staff to secure material for this issue of the JOURNAL and to put it out any sooner. However, with the aid of several faithful contributors, we have at last secured material for this issue, although we regret to say that the issue is not up to the standard of our publication. It is impossible for the staff to put out a creditable magazine without the aid of every man

who can write short stories, poems, plays or essays, and we urge all new men to try their hand at writing and ask the aid of all other classmen in order that the literary editor may have plenty of material to select from.

R. M. NABERS.....EDITOR

With this issue of the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL the staff begins the year's work. So far, we have received only a few exchanges, which, however, are of a very high standard, and the colleges are to be congratulated on their publications.

The present exchange editor does not lay claim to a high degree of proficiency in the art of literary criticism. He will endeavor to make the Exchange Department one for the exchange of ideas. We appreciate frank statements concerning our magazine, and we will attempt to offer such suggestions as will improve our collegiate journalism. It is with this goal in view that we begin our duties as exchange editor.

We have the October issue of *The Criterion* before us. This is indeed a well arranged magazine. We wish to congratulate the staff especially on the number and quality of the poems it contains. Very naturally we are glad to note that the Literary Department begins with a poem "To Dr. Jas. H. Carlisle." The thought of this poem is beautiful and wonderfully expressed. Another poem which attracted our attention was "At the Setting of the Sun." This has a pathetic, patriotic appeal. By a very careful selection of words, the author has made us feel this poem is almost a true story. "To ——" does not quite come up to the other contributions. It seems out of

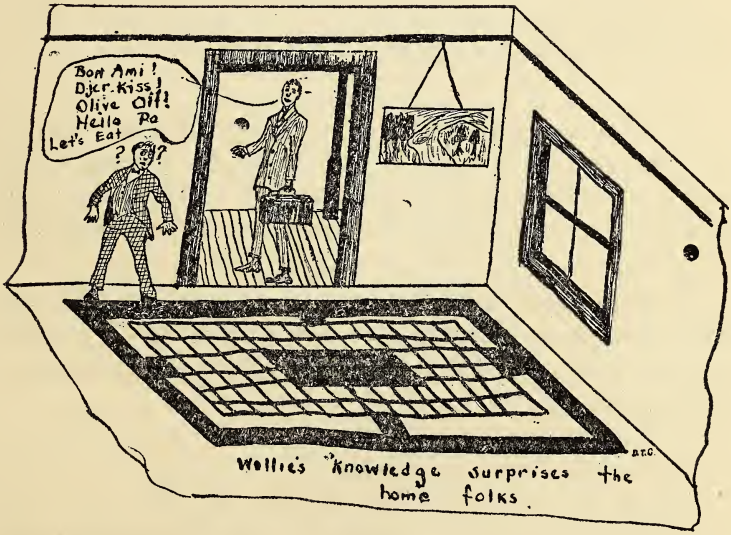
place by the side of the deeper thoughts so clearly expressed in "At the Setting of the Sun." We are glad to see so many short stories. However, we think they are most too short for the action they contain and for an adequate revelation of character.

We are pleased to acknowledge *The Bashaba.* This is about the most evenly-balanced magazine we have had the pleasure of reading this year. "Ruskin's' Ideal of Wómanhood" is indeed a fine essay. The writer does the great genius credit in her expressions of his ideals. The thought is logical and the paragraphs are well arranged. In view of the place woman has taken in the world's affairs in recent years, the conclusion is appropriate and well drawn. "A Chinese Wedding" is something different from what one generally finds in a college magazine. The author has a great field for other interesting short stories and some good essays. "Young Marse," a very pathetic poem, expresses an old-time negro's grief for his young master, who has been killed in the war. It is a difficult task for a young writer to handle the negro dialect interestingly and effectively, but in this one we have an excellent poem. "Wanted—A Husband" is a short story well worth a second reading. It throbs with interest and the unexpected developments keep in suspense until the very last. Our criticism of *The Bashaba* is one only of commendation.

The Isaqueena seems to lack the hearty co-operation of the student body in its literary contributions. We would like to see more short stories in this magazine. "The Alien," the only one in this issue, is extremely interesting. The title is attractive and our interest is held by the clever revelation of the plot. There are two possible conclusions, and we are anxious to see which one will be chosen. The poems, "To Tom" and "A Thought of the American Slain," seem to be a little crude in expression and lacking in coherence of thought. "Literature in Virginia of the Early Colonial Period" is the one real good essay. There is a tendency to ignore our earliest

American literature, hence this essay is instructive as well as interesting. The lives of our great men are so often eulogized that we would be glad to see essays on them eliminated from our college magazines, at least for a time.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *The Criterion, The Bashaba, The College of Charleston Magazine, The Concept, Pine and Thistle* and *The Isaqueena.* We shall sincerely appreciate exchanges from other colleges.



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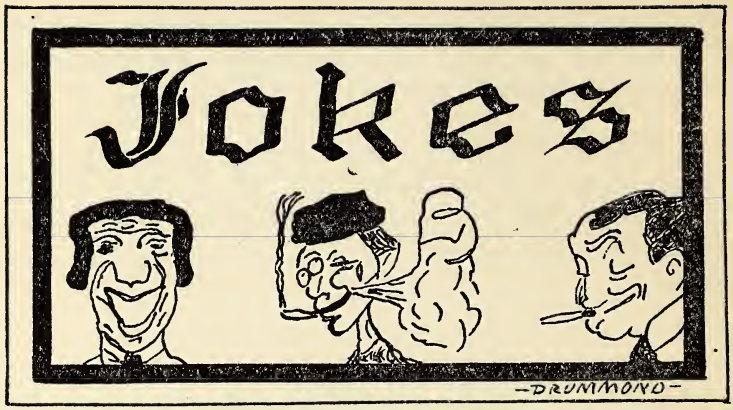


K. C. Frazer ..... Editor

Soph. Herbert (relating Poe's The Descent Into the Maelstrom)—"This happened on the coast of Switzerland."

It is marvelous what some scholars can find in Shakespeare. For example, Dr. Snyder, in English IV, in speaking of the prophetic element in Henry VI, said that Mortimer on one occasion discussed with his son the latter's airship (heirship).

A negro Baptist minister was taking a census of those who had been baptized among his members and asked a young negro in the back of the church: "Has you been baptized, Brudder Jones?"

"Yep," replied Brudder Jones.

"Whar at?" asked the minister.

"Over to the Methodist church," was the reply.

"Nigger, you ain't been baptized," replied the parson; "you jist been dry-cleaned."

Dr. Wallace (in History III)—"Our pilgrim fathers were very pious. They fell on their knees—then they fell on the aborigines."

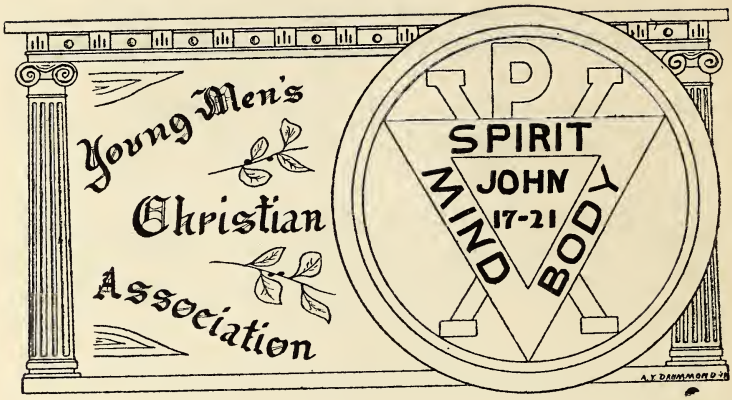
Prof. D. A. DuPre (waiting for class bell to ring)—"Gentlemen, I have left my watch at home." Then (pulling watch from pocket)—"I wonder if I will have time to go after it?"

Aunt Cindy (looking for airplane)—"Is hit t'other side or dis side uv dat buzzard?"

Dr. Clinkscales (in Astronomy)—"How many hours has a 'ship's watch,' Mr. Cauthen?"

Mr. Cauthen—"Twelve, I suppose, Doctor. That is what mine has."

Freshman Pressley Goes "A'hunting"



D. H. Dantzler.....Editor

When the S. A. T. C. came to Wofford and changed the peaceful old campus into an army camp, there came with it that great institution which has gone wherever American soldiers have gone and the value of which only those who have been in the military service can fully appreciate, namely, the Army Y. M. C. A. A regular Army Y. M. C. A. secretary was sent to Wofford, and when he came he energetically set to work to fit up the college Association hall with writing tables, a victrola and the other things that go to make up the equipment of an army "Y" hut. There was always quite a number of the best magazines available and these, together with a warm room and a cheery greeting, made this spot the favorite place for men to read, write letters or have a good time together generally. Twice a week the boys were treated to good moving pictures, and meetings of a devotional nature were held every Sunday evening.

After the S. A. T. C. was disbanded, all the men were glad that Secretary Nisbett was permitted to remain and keep the Y. M. C. A. running as usual. This hall is still kept open every day and many students avail themselves of its privileges. Tuesday night is still "movie night," and the pictures and the special music that the ladies of the campus have so kindly

furnished between reels are thoroughly enjoyed by the men. Mr. Nisbett has also been very active in securing good speakers for the Friday night meetings and has made them very attractive by the special music which he has arranged for these meetings. Taking all in all, Mr. Nisbett has become a vital addition to the community, and the Y. M. C. A. has become a real force on the campus.

The regular meeting of January 17 was addressed by Dr. Neblett, a man who has been doing missionary work in Cuba for twenty years, and is at present touring this country in the interest of the Methodist Centenary Movement for Missions. His address upon "Latin America" was very interesting and instructive. He discussed the history of these people and also their political and religious problems, and in the course of his talk asked that we Americans look with greater sympathy upon them as they try to solve their difficulties.

A particularly fine recent meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was the one of January 24. At that time Miss Katherine Clinkscales, Miss Grace DuPre and Miss May Bomar rendered a musical program that was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. All those who heard it wished that these young ladies might present such a concert again at a future meeting.

The meeting of January 31 was addressed by a Y. M. C. A. secretary from Camp Wadsworth. Although given very short notice, his talk was very helpful and instructive. Being himself a young man, his address was followed with particular interest and appreciation.

On February 5th the greatest revival seen on the campus in years was begun in the Association room. These meetings were led by Dr. C. G. Hounshell, of Nashville, who is one of the greatest student leaders of America. He has seen missionary work around the world, and is today the Educational

Secretary of the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He made a series of exceptionally strong talks to the men, and much good was accomplished. Every one appreciated the kindness of Mr. Keylee, of the Y. M. C. A. at Camp Wadsworth, in coming over and leading the music at the day meetings. At the other meetings, Secretary Nisbett conducted the singing with very good effect.

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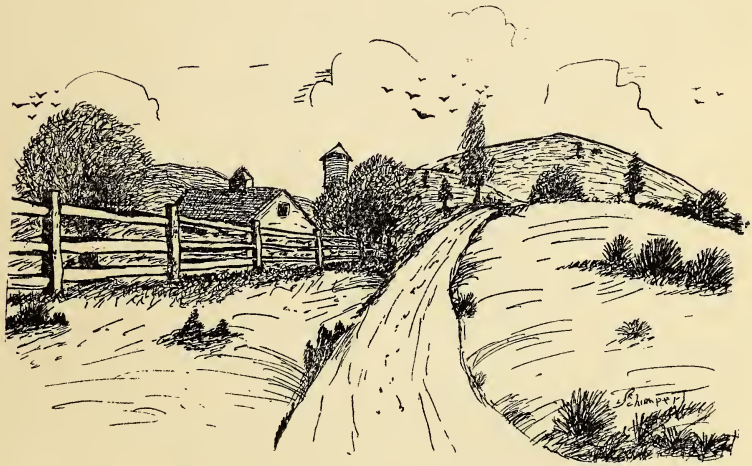

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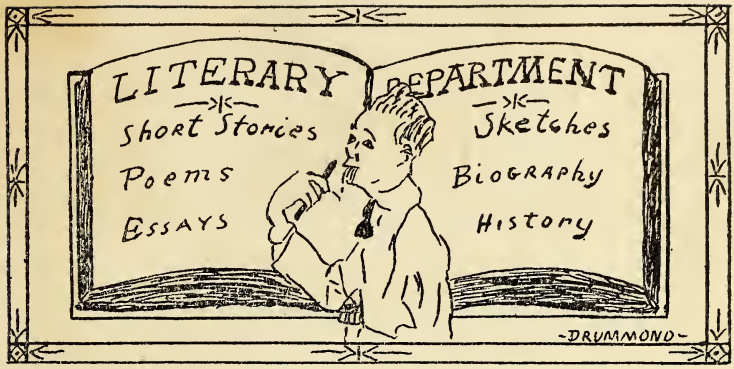

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I WOULDN'T MIND

(Written by G. D. Sanders, '18, Somewhere in France.)

I wouldn't mind it much if I
Were lying out in Flanders' fields,
Among the poppies, red and white,
With daisies growing at my heels;

And at my head a little cross,
On which some comrade carved my name,
And told how I had helped to keep
The sword of Liberty aflame.

At morning-time a peasant maid
Would strew sweet heather o'er the mound,
And live to tell her child some day
Why that to France was sacred ground.

Of course, I'd not be there myself,
But in some far-off, lovely clime
I'd keep a tryst with pals of mine
Through all the countless years of time.

COMPANY "U" YARNS

I. The Silent Sergeant's Story

T WAS a Saturday night in the early fall of 1918. A few of us had gathered around the Fourth Platoon stove, in the rear end of Company "U" barracks, to smoke and growl over the hard luck of not having a pass to leave the post. Tonight we were especially gloomy. Orders had just been received at Headquarters Officers' Training Corps, Plattsburg Barracks, N. Y., that the camp should continue on its present status and that student officers should continue their intensive training for another period of two months. Need I say why we were disappointed? Visions of leather puttees and ten days' leave faded into the hazy future.

Outside, nature herself seemed in league with the War Department to make a dismal night of it for us. The wind was blowing a gale from out of the Green Mountains across Lake Champlain, and the usually placid surface of the lake was being whipped into a seething mass of wild waste, which thundered on the rocky shore within a stone's throw of Company "U." A cold, drizzling rain was beginning to whip in at the open windows.

Only five men, besides the orderly, were left in quarters. The others either had week-end passes or had midnight leave and were seeing the attractions of Plattsburg, a dreamy little town of quaint old houses and peculiar French names.

The five of us sat around the glowing wood stove in silence, each the nurse of his own thoughts. We were all college men from widely separated parts of the country. "Shorty" Wall, a stubby, good-humored Virginian, somewhat of a philosopher, with large rimmed spectacles and a briar pipe of Herculean strength, was from Hampden-Sidney. Ferdinand Delapenha, a slim, dark-skinned, cynical chap of Spanish birth, was from Harvard; Bill Howard, the burly Pittsburg tackle, and I were the only other privates present.

The other member of the group was our platoon sergeant, a man older than the rest, named Harold Holt. Before enlist-

ing, he had been a coach at Yale. He was known to have traveled extensively, and could speak French and German fluently if an occasion offered itself. Holt was tall and muscular, with a thick thatch of brown hair and glittering black eyes, which flashed fire when aroused. His jaws had a way of setting like steel traps when training was hardest and bayonet work most strenuous. A peculiar red scar over his right eye had aroused our curiosity, but no one had dared ask him about it, and, of course, he never told us; in fact, silence, almost a morose reticence, was the predominating characteristic of Sergeant Holt, who rarely spoke except to give commands.

As Holt blew rings of blue cigarette smoke that night, the stern set of his jaw seemed to relax a little and several times he seemed on the verge of speaking.

The silence was broken by "Shorty": "I don't see why I didn't hear from my girl today," he growled. "Guess some other fellow is loving her now."

We laughed. Holt smiled sarcastically.

"What business has a fellow with a girl in this man's army, when he can't even get a pass on Saturday night?" complained Delapenha.

The sergeant thumped his cigarette in the stove and surprised us by joining in the conversation.

"Better get that girl idea out of your system, Wall. Do you think any girl will wait for you till we lick the Boche? Hardly!" he sneered. "The first chap that blows into town with a pleasing personality, a smooth tongue and pompadour—then, good-bye, my dear!"

Now that he had started talking, he seemed to gather momentum.

"Do you suppose I would still be merely in a training camp if it hadn't been for a woman? Why did I have to endure the reputation of being a slacker?"

He hesitated, as if considering whether or not to say any more.

"Well, after I finished school, I determined to see the world and have my time. From Paris to Tokio I blew in my father's

money, until finally tiring of knocking about, I drifted into Honolulu in March, 1914, and settled down to a life of clubs, dances, surf and all that goes to make life lively there. Everything would have been well if I hadn't had the ill-luck to meet a girl."

The sergeant, flushed with having said so much, stopped to light another cigarette. Outside, the wind, whistling around the corner of the barracks with rising fierceness, blew smoke down the stove pipe.

"Yes, I was fool enough to think she was 'Queen of Hearts.' I had traveled a lot and lived in gay Paris, but I had never thought I would really love any woman. Her name was Marie Sinclair. She was one of those black-haired, brown-eyed beauties, with a soft, liquid voice, and lips—oh, boy!—the kind that men have fought over since creation. Her father was some sort of geology bug, studying the volcanic formations, he said, and she was very often alone at their fashionable apartments in one of the suburbs, while the old man was off on some geology expedition.

"Oh, well. No use to go into details; we were the talk of the town—'the stunning Miss Sinclair and that wealthy young Holt.' Miss Sinclair, my Stutz roadster and I went the rounds of all the dances, dinners and surf parties together. Boys, I had it bad!

"The news of the great war dropped like one of those F-1 grenades among my set. Feeling was divided at the Pacific Club. After the news of Belgium's invasion, several of my adventurous cronies sailed for Australia, where they joined the Anzacs I was as anxious to go as any of them, as I then looked on war as rather a lark. Finally, one of my pals and I decided to join the Canadians, and had made arrangements to sail for Vancouver in a couple of weeks. We hadn't let it be known that we were going, and intended to surprise our friends.

"Of course, I had to tell Marie. We had motored out to Waikiki Beach late one evening to a dance, and had walked up

a deserted stretch of beach to watch the moon rise out of the Pacific.

"I started to explain my plans, when she interrupted, 'You fight against Germany?' She gave me a hard look, but all at once her attitude changed. She threw her arms around my neck, and begged me not to go. Could I refuse? Those pleading eyes and that moonlight finished me. I promised that I wouldn't."

From out in the lake the wild, eerie laugh of a loon was answered by the futile howl of the gale. Holt nervously thumped the ashes from his cigarette and continued:

"The next day a German steamer dropped anchor in the harbor and was interned. Officers and passengers were allowed free shore leave, and then my troubles began. A young Prussian reservist lieutenant, named Freidrich Scholze, forced his way into the best set there; for at that time, October, 1914, there were quite a few who openly sympathized with Germany and did all they could to give the interned officers a good time. Many social functions were given in their honor. I met Scholze at a dinner, and noticed that he seemed to be very friendly with Marie. He was a handsome, haughty blonde, with all the arrogance of his class, but he seemed to have a strange fascination for Marie.

"On the night of October the 15th, I was trying out a new car in Kapriolani Park, when I broke a gas pipe and started to walk in. I thought I heard voices under a large koa tree in front of me, and as I drew nearer what did I see? That damned German swine, with his arms around my Marie, kissing her passionately. My foot turned on a pebble. Scholze dropped his hands and snarled, 'Eavesdropping, it seems.' I drove a small wrench I had brought from the car straight at him. He ducked and fired at close range, the bullet grazing my skull just over my right eye. When I recovered consciousness I was being helped out of Scholze's car by the porter at my hotel. Marie didn't seem the least concerned over my condition. The next day I received a note from Schulze saying that if I cared to make a fuss about the incident of the night

before, why of course he would be forced to prosecute me for assault and battery, and that Miss Sinclair was ready to testify against me. One week later I sailed for 'Frisco. If that eye had passed the medical officer's examination I'd have been in the service long ago. Only three months ago did I pass for active service. Maybe I'll meet Friedrich Scholze some day, and then"—his eyes flashed—"he'll have one—or more—widows to mourn him."

The fire had died out. Between the gusts, we heard the bugle sounding "taps" from regimental headquarters. Sergeant Harold Holt's jaw shut and he snapped:

"Every man on his own bunk. Lights out in five minutes. Shake a leg, there!"

L. B. W., '21.

THE MYSTERY OF THE STARS

Ah! can you stand in silent awe
And gaze from star to star,
And never think of what they mean
And wonder what they are?

Ah, no! a certain mystery seems
To fill each ray of light;
A certain mystery doth surround
Each candle of the night.

And then we wonder who it is
That made these mystic worlds;
And who it is that silently
Their silvery light unfurls.

Ah! 'tis the mighty God of Love
That fixed them in the sky,
And bade them shed their silvery light
For mortals such as I.

And yet the mystery seems to be
That One so full of power
Should kindly lead each human soul
And shield each tiny flower.

J. C. I., '19.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE IN MAKING THE NEW WORLD

THE SUCCESSFUL prosecution of the foreign missionary enterprise is absolutely essential to the realization of the anticipated new world era, about which we are fondly hoping and dreaming. We are given to understand that the new world is to be one of commerce, culture, democracy and peace. The missionary enterprise stands vitally related to all four of these highly desirable pursuits of man.

There are many concrete instances on record that illustrate very vividly the truth of the adage that trade follows the missionary and the flag follows trade. We owe our automobile tires to missions, since it was a missionary in India who discovered rubber. The watch manufacturers of the world are indebted to the missionaries, as it is due to the imitation of western civilization as represented by them that every up-to-date Korean now wears a watch. It was Bishop Harris who introduced the apple into Japan. Enough typewriters, sewing machines, bicycles, kerosene lamps, kodaks, hats and shoes have followed in the wake of the missionary to finance many times over the cost of maintaining and operating every missionary station under the sun.

Now, it follows from these facts that, if the new world is to be one of increased commercial expansion, the furtherance of missionary work is both necessary and advantageous from the standpoint of maritime trade. Let us now consider the social side of missionary propagandism. Go where you will in the world today, and wherever you find men and women believing with all their hearts in a risen, present Savior, there you will find life. Everywhere else you will find death. The gospel story of the missionary pours great currents of progress into the social living of mankind. The most formidable rival of Christianity is Mohammedanism, and its most typical representative is Turkey. Just how its so-called civilization com-

pares with that of Christian nations is well described by the following lines from Popular Proverbs:

"Where the Turks are, there also are the wolves;
Where the Turk's horse treads, no grass grows."

We come next to the nature of the affinity that the missionary movement sustains to universal democracy. Jesus Christ may not have been the first democrat, but no one ever interpreted the principles of freedom with rarer insight and terseness than He did. When He said, "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," and thus laid down as the basic element of liberty the acquisition and dissemination of light, He unfolded the secret of all social, racial and national aspirations and achievements on the part of the children of men. Jesus was the first great Teacher who steadfastly refused to recognize class, creed, race or color. With such a founder, His gospel becomes, in the natural order of things, the fittest champion of all liberty-loving and aspiring people, furnishing them a powerful impetus in the direction of self-government.

But of all its aspects that which is most significant about the missionary enterprise is its inherent possibilities for preserving peace and preventing future international misunderstanding. It is that phase of its program that is most attractive and should meet with the heartiest response as men stand halfway beween war's aftermath and the period of reconstruction.

Victory in the trenches has saved us temporarily from the perils of Prussian domination of the world. What we now need is to be saved from false standards of world safety. There can be no permanent peace as long as there is a pagan Russia or a materialistic Japan. Nations cannot live in the filth, ignorance, immorality and internal dissension that Africa, China, India and Mexico do without their being a menace to the security of all mankind. In that condition they are easy tools for the unscrupulous. The political history back of the recent great war, the motives which actuated it and its accelerating influences teach us that not one screw in the world's machinery

can go wrong without exerting far-reaching consequences upon the whole structure.

War is directly attributable to man's attitude toward fellow humanity. Selfishness, suspicion, jealousy and hate are its sources. When these are supplanted by the spirit of brotherhood, war is automatically supplanted at the same time by peace. Now, Christ's Sermon on the Mount is the only moral code that substitutes for the word *enemy* the word *brother*. To the Jew, every man who is not a Jew is a Gentile. To the Mohammedan, every one not believing in the Prophet of Arabia is an infidel. To the German of the days of kultur, every person not a Teuton was a *schwein*. In the extensive propagation of the Christian's doctrine of the universal fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man lies the world's hope against selfish military aggrandizement. It is this feature of the missionary enterprise that makes it more than a religious movement by its ultimate effect upon the body of men politic.

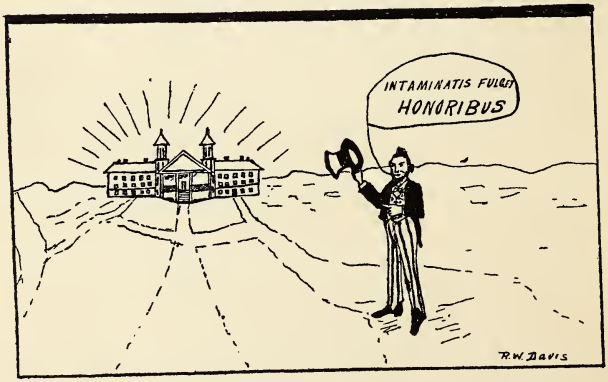
In Mexico, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, through one of its missionaries, discovered one Andres Osuna and won him for Christianity. Mr. Osuna became a preacher and, after serving the church in that capacity for a while, he was brought to Nashville, Tenn., where he acted as Spanish translator for the Methodist Publishing House there. Some time later he was appointed Superintendent of Education for the District of Mexico by President Carranza, and just recently he has been made Governor of the State of Tamaulipas. In his present position he exercises a wholesome influence towards creating a more friendly relation between his country and its northern neighbor. A dozen more Mexicans like him would mean the elimination of the Mexican border problem.

In view of the potentiality of missions for establishing fraternal feeling between nations, the governments of the world could make no better investment as a war preventative than to appropriate several millions for carrying it on. Well may the Christian Church exhort in song:

"Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way;
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay."

SABOTOCEAN (*nom de plume*).

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The above essay was written by a member of the Junior Class in a contest conducted under the auspices of the International Young Men's Christian Association, and is of such exceptional merit that the editor insisted on publishing it in the JOURNAL.



WANDERLUST

(Written by G. D. Sanders, '18, Somewhere in France.)

I am tired of the humdrum order of things: I want to go off somewhere,
To tramp all the leagues of the frozen North to the farthermost tip of the sphere;
To climb to the top of the tallest peak on the battlements of the world,
And see where the thunderbolts of Jove in the ancient days were hurled;
Or sail to the uttermost isles of the sea, where a white man's foot never trod,
Where the sharks that harry the harbor's mouth are the islanders' only god.

I want to go to the desert's heat till the sphinx's riddle is solved,
And live in the heart of the mystic East, where the races of men were evolved;
To go where the cities are dense with throngs and the hurly-burly of life,
And watch the pygmies of men pass by in their daily, deadly strife;
I want to walk with the world's elite, and see where the peasants live,
And know the intimate things of the world, and take what it has to give.

I want to go till I spurn from my feet the far off ends of the earth;
I want to go till some glorious day I wake to a newer birth
On some far star-world, where the chiefest work is to roam through a million spheres,
While the ages pass into infinite time, and the hours into countless years;
Where one can mount to the fartherest stars with the swiftness of morning dreams,
And the sameness and drabness of things float out on endless and tideless streams.

A TRANSLATION FROM BAZIN'S "LES OBERLE"

THEY took under the forest a path which wound about the monastery. No longer were any witnesses present, and John saw that the eyes of Odile were lifted towards him. There was no other sound in the wood except that of the drops of mist falling from the leaves. They were very near to each other.

"I have asked you to come," said John, "in order that you may make or mar my life. You have been the love of my early youth . . . . I wish that you would be my love always."

Odile, her look lost in the distance for the present, trembled a little in responding:

"Have you dreamed . . . ?"

"Of everything!"

"Even of that which is able to separate us?"

"What do you mean? Of what are you afraid? Would it be to enter into a divided family?"

She firmly replied in the negative.

"Indeed, you would reconcile that, I am sure of it. You would be the joy and peace of it. What do you fear, then? Is it the opposition of my father or of yours, who have become enemies?"

"That would be able to be overcome," said the young woman.

"Then it is because your mother hates me," John impetuously continued. "She hates me, doesn't she? The other day I found her so hostile to me, so offensive . . ."

The blonde head made a sign of denial.

"She will be slower to believe in you than my father has been, slower than I myself have been. But when she sees that your German education has not changed the Alsatian soul in you, she will reconsider her prejudices."

After an instant of silence, Odile added:

"I do not believe that I am mistaken: the obstacles from now on will be able to be brushed aside either by you or by

me, or by both of us. I am afraid only of that which I do not know, of the least incident which tomorrow may come to make so troubled a state of affairs worse."

"I understand," John said. "You dread the ambition of my father?"

"Perhaps," Odile replied.

"Indeed, it has already made us suffer. But he is my father; he cares about keeping me here, and he told me every day when he understood that I have chosen you, Odile, that if he had any personal plans which would break off our union, he will consent to postpone them at least. Do not have any fear on that score. We shall conquer."

"We shall conquer," she replied.

"I am sure of it, Odile. You will make my life sweet for me; and otherwise it would be difficult, perhaps even impossible, if you were not here. It is for your sake that I have returned to the country. . . . I love you, Odile!"

He took the hand of Odile, who responded, her eyes lifted towards the vista of light which was opening ahead:

"The Lord is my witness that I love you also!"

"Yes," said John, "we shall be victorious over all! We shall conquer the many obstacles born of that same terrible question: there is only that between us."

"Without doubt: there is only that one thing between us in this corner of the world."

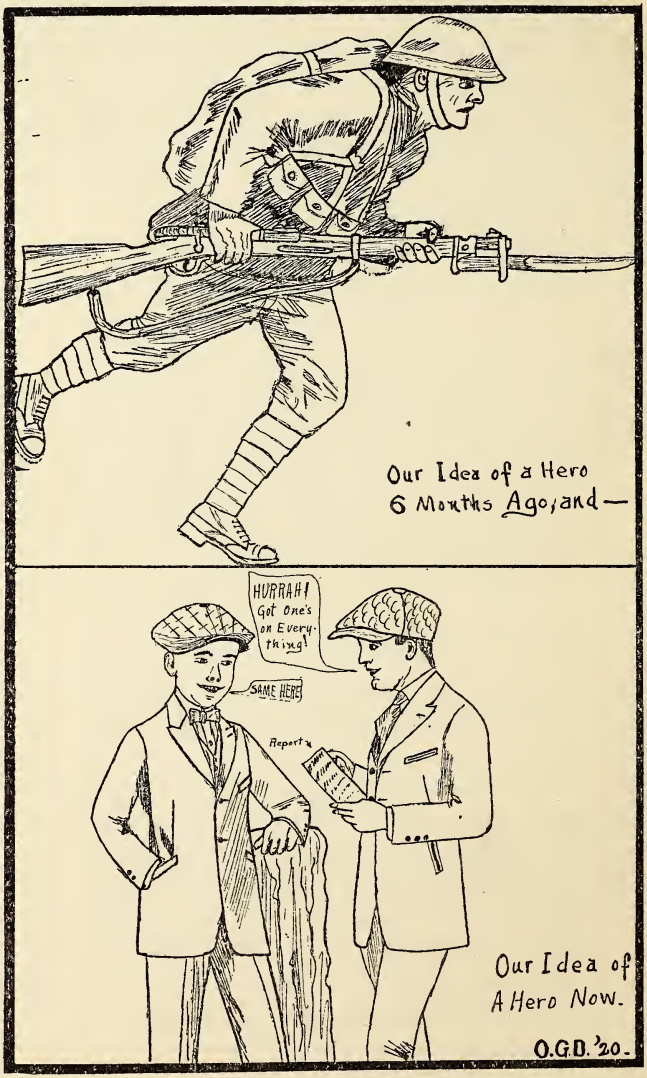
"It poisons everything!" John emphatically declared.

Odile stopped, and, turning towards John, her face radiant with that proud, sweet love which he had wished to know and to inspire:

"Say that it ennobles everything. Our quarrels here are not any of the village quarrels. We are for or against a native land. We are obliged to have courage every day, to make enemies every day for ourselves, to break every day with our ancient friends who served us as faithful volunteers, but no longer belong to Alsace. We have almost no act of ordinary life which may be indifferent, which is not an affirmation. I assure you that there is a nobleness in it, John."

"It is true, Odile, beloved."

They both stopped to enjoy to the full extent that delicious word. And in a low voice, which sounded only like the pines stirred by the wind, they spoke of the future as of a conquest already begun. J. P. B., '19.



THE PROBLEM OF PEACE

AFTER every great reform there is a period of dangerous quiescence, in which the world breathlessly awaits the final outcome of the step leading toward a better civilization. The motives which prompted the reformers, whether on pure, altruistic principles or on selfish ones, will be carefully considered by all civilized people and will to a remarkable degree determine how the world will receive the gift to mankind.

Now, we have just witnessed the greatest step the world has ever made toward a civilization of the highest type. And we, here in America, are thankful to have had a part in making the world safe for democracy. Nor was it a small part, for we hold a leading place among the nations of the world in determining the terms of peace. The new era which is just now dawning will be one of the highest type, for it will be founded on principles, principles which are agreed upon by all peoples everywhere as righteous and just. The men who sit around the peace table have chosen the highest of ideals as their goal. We are about to see worked out before our eyes the dream of our greatest men for long years past. It is, however, a lamentable fact that so many of our people do not recognize the crisis we are facing; they are not concerned with that which concerns them most.

America entered this great war solely upon principles, to hold up the ideals and traditions which our illustrious forefathers handed down to us. Though, whatever were her motives, they were looked upon with suspicion by most of the South American republics and even some of the European countries. They could not, in their old way of thinking, imagine this powerful nation, whose sole object was, as they thought, to get the almighty dollar, as entering a world war upon a matter of traditional ideals. They could not help but feel that after the clouds of war had cleared away that we would ask for a large share of the spoils; that, after all, we were seeking for some material gain. But one great mind has

set the world forever at rest upon that point, for President Wilson has convinced the world that America shed the blood of her sons only "that the ideals of right, truth and justice might not perish from the earth." But he even went a step further than that, for he saw that no peace could last which was not founded on these same ideals.

But, before these ideals can be accepted by the world, they must become the fundamental characteristics of the nation from which they originated. Then they may become the common property of every nation. The people must have absolute confidence in their governments, and the governments to merit this confidence must be frank and open with its subjects. There can be no more scheming, unscrupulous rulers, no more secret, underhand diplomacy; everywhere there must be an atmosphere of trust and confidence. The first step in this direction is devolved upon the governing powers themselves, and we can only eagerly and anxiously await their action. In the fall of the German Empire, autocracy lost its last stronghold; henceforth a government cannot exist which is not a government of the people, for the people, and by the people. It was America that gave these ideas to the world and now, as a great peace is dawning, the eyes of the world are turned westward to America. They are watching to see if we live the ideals we are holding out to them.

The pendulum of the world's history has just swung to one extreme and is even now hesitating before beginning its backward swing. The natural question comes, "How far shall it swing?" The answer to this question rests largely in the hands of the American people. Shall we face the crisis before us like intelligent men, and rapidly and wisely adjust ourselves to the new and unexpected conditions as they arise, or shall we close our eyes and go our way, unmindful of the world about us? If this be our policy, then dire consequences await the American people. With the eyes of the world fastened upon her, America must choose a course that will lead to a better and greater civilization or one that will make her name one of ridicule and contempt forever.

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To attain the former depends largely on the returning heroes. These men must be received with open arms and hearts. But, more than that, they must be made to feel that the future of our commonwealth is in their hands. They have offered themselves as a willing sacrifice on the altar of their country, and many of these sacrifices have been accepted by the god of war. They have died that we might live and continue to enjoy the peace and prosperity so characteristic of our land. These men must be shown that the ideals for which they fought are a part of our national life; that in them we have our being as a nation. If we who were not blessed with the opportunity of facing the cannon of Prussian autocracy and silencing them forever in favor of democracy, if we are not living these ideals, will they not be justified in feeling that their sacrifice was not appreciated in their own land?

The dawn of a great peace is already breaking forth in all of its radiant beauty. We are thinking that no more will Mother Earth be soaked with the blood of her sons, that no more will the young men of our country be called upon to sacrifice to the bloody, insatiable god of war. We see a time when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks. This time is just now within our grasp, and all the world is looking westward to America to see the first steps of their dream realized. Now, will we in a time of peace live up to the high standards which we as a nation have set in a time of war, or will we allow our natural prejudices and reverence for precedent keep us in the same old way? The great national spirit of the American people has been raised to the highest heights under the powerful stimulus of war. To keep that spirit unified and directed in the right channels so that America will not lose her place as the savior of democracy is the great problem before us, the great crisis of peace.

R. M. N., '19.

"MY LOST LOVE"

The sun has gone down in the golden west,
And all the world has stopped its work tonight;
But I have come down by the lake to rest,
And to dream of my love, my heart's delight;
Yet in my soul there's an unfinished fight—
Is she thinking of me, her love, her own,
As I think of her while I stand here alone?

Though I have been gone from thee so long,
I need naught save the picture in my heart
To hold my love, and 'twill be strong
Till mind and soul in death shall part.
Ideal of my soul forever thou art!
Though thou hast condemned me at thy will,
My love for thee is greater still.

I shall never forget my love that night,
A perfect vision of beauty, so rare and sweet,
As I held her hand in the pale moonlight.
Her hair, the hue of rip'ning wheat,
Was blown in golden curls to meet
The smile on those charming lips, upturned
To meet the caress from a soul that burned.

Have you given me up for some soldier boy?
Is there some one whose wife you are to be?
Were you playing with me as you would with a toy?
My love, have you forsaken me?
Have you forgotten that still I love thee?
Has he whispered love in that small ear
That oft was bent my love to hear?

My body is torn, as after a fight,
The blood of life is gone; my heart has been bled;
The light of my soul has turned into night;
My spirit is crushed; my reason has fled.
Great God! I wish that I were dead.
My love, come back and be forgiven,
Or I shall wait for thee in heaven.

A. Y. D., '19.

"TONY"

"ALL RIGHT, who is next man?"

"I am, Captain, but I don't want any medicine. I am not able to go out with the battery today, but I'll be all right by tomorrow. Please just mark me 'quarters' today."

A smile broke over the face of Capt. S. M. Wallace, Medical Corps, U. S. A., as he thought of the numbers of times that he had heard this same request; but this smile quickly changed into an anxious expression, for as he looked into the face of Tony Brevanio he realized that he had really a sick man.

After a careful examination, the Captain gave him some medicine and told him to come back in the afternoon. But when afternoon sick report arrived, a message was received that Tony was in bed and not able to come himself. A few minutes later, the fatherly old physician, who was one of the best surgeons in the State of ————, found the sick man lying on his bed in the barracks with an expression that told of suffering and little hope.

"I'll 'phone for an ambulance to take you to the base hospital," said the doctor, after a close examination.

"Please don't send me there," said Tony. "I would rather stay here and die."

"But," said the doctor, "you need attention that I can't give you here, and, besides, I am required to send all sick men to the base hospital as promptly as possible."

"But, doctor, I know that I am going to die, and now the war is over and I can't fight against Austria and Germany, and I haven't anybody to live for, and I don't care whether I live or die, but I don't want to leave the boys here, who have been good to me, unless I leave by dying."

The captain noted the excited tone and flushed face and that there was much hidden in the heart of the poor boy who a moment before he had considered only as a poor foreigner who was under his care. Hoping to cheer him a little, he

promised: "You will get the best of care over there, and you will soon be well and strong again and can be back with the boys."

"You can't understand, I know you can't; but I don't want to live. I couldn't help to beat Austria and Germany, and I don't want to live."

"But you have helped to fight Austria and Germany just as truly as if you had gone over yourself," said Captain Wallace, and with these words he left for a moment to find some one to send for an ambulance. But, thinking that the boy needed more than medicine, he soon returned to the bedside, to find his patient much calmer and anxious to confide his story to the doctor, whom he knew to be a true friend and counselor. Thus he began:

"I left Italy and came to this country about five years ago, and in leaving my parents I felt sure that the separation was only for a few years at most, and that when I came back I would be able to help to support them. I thought, as all Italian boys do, that it was easy to make money in America, and, too, my brother had been living in New York for several years and had made much more money than any one can make in Italy. But my mother, father and sister were not all that I left behind me, for there was also Rosa. She was my er—er—oh, well, anyway we intended to get married as soon as I was able to support her.

"I joined my brother in New York and helped him in his fruit business in the day and at night we both played in an orchestra, and we made money at both. Soon we sold the fruit business and organized an orchestra of our own. As my brother's wife played the piano, we only had to hire three others to make up a good orchestra, and we were both making and saving money.

"Then came the news that a war had started in Europe. I read my papers that came from Italy, and I kept wondering what my country was going to do. Then one day came the news that Italy was on the side of the Allies. How glad I was, for I didn't want her to go in with Austria and Germany.

"Both my brother and I wanted to go home and join the army, but since he was married and had two children and was sending money to our parents regularly, we decided that I should go and that he should remain and keep up our business.

"Just about the time that I started for home, I heard a man making a speech on a street corner, in which he said that the United States would be in the war in a few weeks. He spoke as if he knew, and we decided that I just as well join the American army and fight under the flag that both of us had learned to love.

"The next day I went to a recruiting officer and offered myself. I was accepted and sent to this regiment, which was then stationed at Honolulu. After a few months, I completed my 'recruit drills' and was 'turned to duty.'

"Every day I thought of my family and of Rosa—sometimes I thought mostly of Rosa, and every time that I learned to do something new, I thought of the time when I would be able to make some use of it in fighting against the enemy of my people.

"Weeks passed into months, and still there were no signs of the United States entering the war until Germany sunk the Lusitania. When our captain told us that he believed that in less than a month we would be at war with the Huns, a tremendous applause came from the men.

"Then came the news that Congress had declared war on Germany, and that a tremendous army was being raised to carry on the fight. A few weeks later enough recruits were received to fill the regiment up to war strength. We anxiously waited the day when we should get orders to go either to France or Italy; but as the days passed into weeks and the weeks passed into months, our hopes grew dimmer and dimmer, and we began to wonder if we were not going to be left on the Hawaiian Islands for the duration of the war.

"But the orders came in November, and early in December we landed on American soil. For only a few days we remained in Camp ———, and then came to this post. Here we

were told that an expert field artillery regiment was needed for training purposes and, because of its record, our regiment had been selected. However, we would be kept here only three months and would be sent over. As you know, sir, as well as I, we have been here about a year now and the war is over, and even if we do go now, what is the use?

"But I want to tell you about my family and about Rosa. Soon after we got here, I received the first news of my parents that I had gotten since Italy went into the war. Our home had been destroyed. My father died while in an Austrian prison camp, and at the last account my mother was a captive in the same camp. After brutally abusing my sister, they had murdered her for disobedience to an Austrian officer.

"Even after that, I could think of Rosa, and thought that some day we might meet again, until a few days ago I received this note." With these words, he took from his pocket a note and handed it to the captain. As it was written in a language not intelligible to him, he had to ask Tony to tell him of the contents.

"It's from Rosa," he said, "and it took eight months to get to me. She says there that she has been captured and is being taken to the quarters of a German general for a servant. I suppose that that is the last that I will ever hear from her on this earth. One thing that helps me is that she ends by saying, 'Whatever may happen, Tony, don't forget that I have never ceased to love you.' "

The captain became conscious of the stream of tears that was making a path down the sides of his face, and when he tried to speak he was unable to do so for several minutes. Then, as if a new idea had come to him, he said, "Well, you have your brother and his family, and they still love you."

"No," replied the boy, "that is the other thing that I want to tell you about. Last spring my brother was drafted and assigned to an infantry regiment, which went to France soon afterwards; but before they got to the front he took the 'flu,' and later pneumonia and a few days afterward he died. The message from the War Department never reached his wife,

for she had also taken the same disease and died before the news came over. The two children were sent to an orphanage and, of course, their father's insurance money will be enough to care for them until they are old enough to support themselves. So, now, doctor, why should I want to live?"

This proved a hard question for the captain, although a man of great experience in dealing with men and women who are facing death. Although he tried to speak some kind words that would encourage the boy, it was with a sense of relief that he turned the patient over into the hands of the men from the base hospital.

Two days later the captain went over to see the boy. As he walked into the ward and found him, it took little more than a glance for the practiced eye of the physician to see that the influenza had developed into pneumonia, and it was only a question of hours with the Italian boy.

After a pleasant "good morning" and a few other cheerful remarks from the doctor, the boy interrupted him with a question: "Doctor, will you do me a favor?"

"Certainly," said the captain. "What is it?"

"Just tell the other boys in the battery and in the regiment and anyone else that I have given my life for America as well as for Italy, and, although I didn't get to go over and to help in the actual fighting, I did do all that I could and all that they would let me do. And just one more thing: No—no—you can't do that—no—for you don't know Rosa, and—after all, she may be dead by now. I am glad that I can die and go where those that I love have already gone."

Seeing that the boy needed quiet and rest, the fatherly old gentleman left the bedside, breathing a prayer for the one he was leaving.

The next morning the captain wrote to his wife. We will look over his shoulders and read the part that we are interested in:

"Tomorrow morning the papers will carry a short notice of the death of Private Tony Brevanio, Battery "B," ——— F. A. There will be no notice sent to relatives, for there is

no address—the Austrians have seen to that. In a few days his personal effects will be disposed of according to army regulations and his service record, together with a full report of his death, will be sent to Washington.

"What a business-like and prosaic ending to a man's life!

"In every newspaper or magazine there are some writings concerning the sufferings of the French and Belgians, both men and women; of the devastation of France and Belgium and of the millions of French girls left without sweethearts or husbands. The poet, the song writer and the novelist are vieing with one another in praise of those who have suffered in Belgium and France.

"But how seldom do we see any one writing of Italy and singing songs to Italian women! However, when the final account is made of the world war, no historian is going to be able to leave out the sufferings of the Italian people and the devastation of northern Italy. Some of the song writers and novelists of the future must use their talents to preserve for the world the heartaches, the suffering and the glorious sacrifices of the several million Rosas who will never see their Tony again.

"Yes, Tony was a hero, though, of course, the world will never know it."

* * * * * * * * *

As the sun was slowly fading in the western horizon, a small group of field artillerymen stood around the newly made grave and there paid their last tribute to the memory of a companion whom they had learned to love and admire. He had loved in vain, because there was one in the world who knew not the power of love. J. E. E., '19.

"TO MOTHER"

Mother o' mine, how long since you went
And left your boy alone.
You fell asleep when he was a babe;
And nothing for that loss could atone.

Oh, mother, how weary the years have been,
And my heart, how full of pain,
Because you were no longer here
To cheer me when I failed again.

How much I've longed for your tender care
And the warmth of your mother love;
For no one could ever take your place,
Not even an angel from above.

It seems to me that I remember when once,
In the hush of the evening's glow,
You pressed me to your loving heart
And sang in a voice that was sweet and low.

And through these years my heart has longed
To hear your dear voice again;
To see the light of your tender smile,
Which soothed away my sorrow and pain.

And sometimes at night I think I've dreamed
That your arms encircled me close;
That I felt your lips upon my cheek
As soft as the petals of a rose.

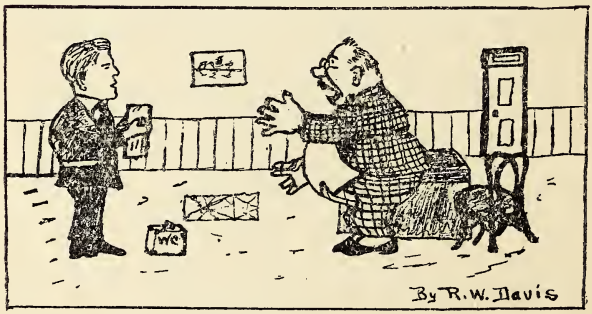
And, mother, how empty my triumphs seemed—
The triumphs so dear to a child—
Because you could not see me win,
And be there to reward me with a smile.

But tho' I know you are dead and gone,
And are happier in your life up there;
I know your love for me still lives,
And I feel it throughout the year.

It comes to me in the voice of spring,
'Tis reveal'd in the light of a star;
In the heart of a flower, in the song of a bird,
In all wond'rous things that are.

And I know that in Eternity,
When my life on earth is done,
You will await and accompany me
To my place in the Heavenly Home.

J. P. B., '19.



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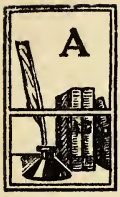
THE CAPITAL OF BRAZIL



AT THE mention of the name Brazil, one naturally pictures a country still inhabited by savages, and nothing but jungles, with wild beasts roaming through them, and no civilization or civilized inhabitants worth speaking of. And yet a more erroneous conception of a country could not be made.

Brazil is an immense nation, larger than our own United States, inhabited by a flourishing population of over 25,000,000, and a country on which nature has freely lavished all the wealth she possessed. In it can be found all the minerals that the world knows of, from the sparkling diamond to the dull, black masses of coal. The fauna of the country includes almost every known species of animals, from the man-eating boa-constrictor to the sweet and melodious canary bird. The vegetation surpasses that of any other nation, and almost the entire supply of coffee and also of rubber for the whole world comes from Brazil.

But for one to see clearly and understand fully the advancement and progress of this great South American country, one should pay a visit to the cities of the nation, and surprise and astonishment will await us as we view the undreamed of beauties of the numerous large cities, but in particular of the great metropolis of the country, Rio de Janerio.

It is a city that in its natural beauty cannot be surpassed. Set down right on the shores of the untiring ocean, with mountains rising on all sides, as if to form a natural barrier against the rest of the world, it is a veritable jewel, sparkling in all of its richness. It has the largest and most beautiful natural harbor in the world, almost completely land-locked, and large enough for all the navies of the world to lie at anchor in it. And the beauties of its harbor are only rivalled by the majesty of the mountain ranges rising all around the city, which render it so beautiful.

Rio de Janerio has a population of 1,500,000, and carries on an extensive trade, being, among other things, the greatest

coffee market in the world. Trans-Atlantic lines connect it with all the European nations and with the other American countries. Its commerce is immense, and a busier, more active city could not easily be found. People of all nations gather there to carry on trade, and their different "lingos" can be distinctly heard in different parts of the city.

It is called "The City Beautiful," and right justly has this name been applied to it. Cleared by the untiring efforts of the government of the dirty slums and narrow alleys that used to pervade the city, it is now a model of cleanliness and hygiene. For one to walk down its broad avenues, lined with taxis under the shade of beautiful trees, is indeed a treat to the eyes and one which cannot be easily forgotten. The most beautiful thoroughfare of the city is the central avenue, now named after the Barao de Rio Branco, one of the greatest statesmen Brazil ever produced. It is among the widest streets in the world, measuring fifty metres, with rows of trees bordering each side and one down the middle. The sidewalks, eight yards in width, are of beautiful mosaic work in black and white, and the work was all wrought by hand.

And then, the most beautiful part of the city are the driveways by the ocean, which extend for a length of seven miles around the city. There are two wide driveways extending the whole distance, separated from each other by a strip ten yards wide, which is a perfect garden, and trees four rows deep extend along the sides of the street.

The magnitude and sublimity of the mountains can only be appreciated and understood by one who has viewed them before. Range upon range rises behind the city in unimaginable beauty. Among them the most famous is the Pao de Assucar, which rises, a sheer rock, at the entrance of the bay, and which can now be reached by a cable stretching a mile across land and sea. Corcorado is a most striking mountain, and its top is accessible by a cog-wheel railroad which winds its way to the summit, where a wonderful view of the city is obtained.

The people of the city strive to make it beautiful, and there are many theatres, cathedrals and especially handsome residences everywhere; and all these place the city among the ten most important cities of the world, and makes it one of the most beautiful, if not *the* most beautiful, city in existence.

J. H. L., '21.

PHYSICALLY UNFIT

"EXTRA! EXTRA! War declared!" was the cry uttered on every corner on this April afternoon by the ragged little newsboys.

A large touring car stopped at one of these busy corners long enough to make the exchange of money for a paper. The driver was a tall, dark haired young man, smartly dressed, and rather handsome. At his side sat a charming young lady. She was attired in one of the latest spring models and held a beautifully trimmed hat in her hands. She chatted incessantly to her companion, who had come from their home town, ten miles to the north, to take her home from college for a holiday. As soon as they were out of the crowded town and had gained the open country, bathed in its first taste of early spring, she read the startling news to him. Yes, war had been declared on Germany and Uncle Sam was calling for volunteers.

"Of course, you'll go, Ned?" she said, inquiringly.

For some minutes they rode on in silence, until he broke the tension of the moment by his reply.

"Rose," he whispered, "I don't know."

She waited for him to continue.

"I'd go tomorrow if it wasn't for you. I can't give you up. Just think, we both get our diplomas in June, and then in two weeks we'll be married. And I hate to give up my college course when I am so near the end."

"But your country needs you, dear," she told him.

"Yes, and my country must come first, after all. But it's so hard to give you up. I must have time to think it over. It's too sudden."

They talked but little the rest of the journey. It was a serious time for them.

The sun was just setting when Ned Durham stopped his car in front of her home in Lenoir, just at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains in South Carolina. Rose's father was Chester Laurens, one of the wealthiest men in the State and presi-

dent of several large cotton mills, including the one at Lenoir. She was his only daughter, and was a Senior at the Woman's College at Colton, the metropolis of the foothills. Her escort, Ned Durham, was an orphan. He was a Senior at Lenoir College, and lived alone near the college in the little bungalow he had built for Rose and himself.

No sooner had he stopped than he drew her to him, murmuring:

"No, I can't give you up, little Rose. I can't."

"No, but you must do your duty," she answered. "No matter what the cost."

"I know! I know!" he replied.

"And, after all, you won't have to give me up for long. It will soon be over and you'll be back, and we can marry by Christmas, anyway."

"Rose, dear, I must decide it alone. I'll tell you my decision tomorrow when we go back."

He helped her from the car and stood holding her hands as he looked down into her lovely face. She was of medium heighth, and the graceful outlines of her perfect figure added to her beauty. The last rays of a setting sun played yellow and golden in her silken hair, which was blowing in the gentle April breeze. The playful smile on her delicately tinted lips died to a sober attitude of concern as she saw the far away look in Ned's eyes. He no longer saw her beauty, or even the girl herself—he was thinking of the future.

"I must go, Ned," she told him. And, as she left, whispered, "Be a man, dear, for my sake."

That night was a bitter one for Ned. How he hated to give up his little Rose! She was everything to him. She even belonged to him. In less than four months she was to be his wife. But this tyrannical and scheming Kaiser had interfered. What should he do? Yes, Rose was right. His country needed him and he would go—if it wasn't for Rose. Yes, he would go anyway. But even after this bold decision there were moments of doubt, such as came to every man at that critical hour. But his true manhood, that of so many brave American

lads, finally won out. Therefore, when he carried Rose back to Colton the next day he was as happy and gay as usual. They talked and planned their future, after he would come back, in such a joyful mood that when she left he told her:

"Rose, when you see me again I certainly shall be in a uniform."

"I'm so glad!" she whispered, and hastened along the gravel walk and into the dormitory.

As a result of the new inspiration she had given him, Ned was very highly elated when he presented himself before the recruiting officer. But he was absolutely unprepared for the shock he received at the conclusion of the examination.

"Physically unfit!" he muttered as he drove home that afternoon. Yes, physically unfit; but how? To be sure, the doctor had told him, but he had been so shocked that he had not heard. What could be wrong? He had always been in perfect health. He had never thought for a moment but that he could pass the most rigid examination. But he had failed. He wouldn't give up. He had promised Rose. He would try another office, and he did. He tried three others—and all with the same result. Yes, he had broken a leg years before, and this was causing all the trouble. But what could he tell Rose? Could he tell her he was physically unfit? But, after all, he must or she would think him a sneaking coward. Yet when the time came for him to go to see her the following Sunday, his courage failed him; so he didn't see her for two weeks longer. He just couldn't tell her of his misfortune. He, so strong and healthy—she would never believe it; in fact, he didn't himself. He made a firm resolution that he would go to Washington, for surely he could get in there. So he prepared to go that night. Yes, he *would* get in.

Poor Rose! She was sad and lonely. She didn't know why he didn't come to see her. He wasn't in uniform, she knew, for her father had seen him. Could it be that he didn't have the nerve, the manhood, the courage to go? No! no! she sobbed on her pillow that night, it couldn't be that—he was so brave and a man—yes, a *real* man, too. Yet why else

had he been dodging her all day—she *knew* he had. Yes, it was because—because he was a coward. She would denounce him. She would show him up. Even though it was after ten, she called him over the 'phone, and in ten minutes he was with her.

"Oh, Ned! why did you deceive me? I thought you were going to enlist—you promised me—and you didn't. Are you afraid?" she demanded, walking to the window and turning her back to him.

"I tried," he told her, but she interrupted.

"No, you didn't, or you would have been in now. You are afraid!"

"Listen, Rose. Let me explain," he pleaded, as he stood just behind her.

"No, no. You tried to avoid me because you were a—a coward!" she spiritedly told him.

"Rose, you think I'm a coward and won't let me explain; but listen: I'll do anything in the world for you. Only give me another chance, a chance to redeem myself, and I'll make good. I will," he asserted, taking her hand in his. "Only trust me, give me the chance," he pleaded.

For a few moments she was cold and stubborn; then she turned and said to him:

"Ned, I believe you do mean it, and I'll give you the chance. You must make good or I shall hate you. Promise me you'll make good by next Sunday."

He promised faithfully, and left for the capital some minutes later.

In Washington, he was examined by the highest examining board in the country, but was doomed to a further disappointment. He was also over weight. Downcast in spirit, Ned returned home on Friday. He dreaded the interview with Rose, for it might be final. He knew her well enough to believe it might be.

But Rose spent an equally anxious week. She was confident now that he would meet her at the station in uniform. Then, too, she had accidentally met Ned's physician on the streets

and he had assured her that Ned was in perfect health and could easily pass any examination. Yet at times there were doubts and fears. At one such time she solemnly declared that if he failed to keep his promise, she would never see him again. But, after all, she trusted him.

The first shock to her joyous mood came at the station the following Saturday. He was not there. Yes, he was in town—the cook had seen him that morning—but in civilian clothes. Then he wasn't in the army, and he hadn't kept his promise. Why? That awful word rang in her ears all night. That night she weighed her ideal in the balance. His fine traits far outweighed his bad ones, until she laid this new thing—his moral courage—in the balance. Alas! It outweighed all the rest. Her ideal was gone—he had not stood the test. Yes, he *was* a coward—a slacker! That was her final judgment. The fury of her soul now poured forth unrelented. Her grief and anger were not abated until she finally sought relief in tears and sleep.

The maid awoke her late the next morning to inform her that she was wanted on the 'phone. She knew it was Ned, and all her anger immediately returned.

It was Ned. He wanted to come over and explain. No, he was not in the service. Then, he needn't explain—she would not listen. She now knew he had broken his promise—that he was a coward. His pleading only enraged her the more. Finally she blurted out:

"Go! you traitor, go! Do you think I could love a slacker? Go forever! I never want to see you again—no, never, never, never!"

"Rose," his broken voice pleaded, "you are all I have in this world—you can't send me away like this. I love you. I will always love you—"

But the sharp click of the receiver told him she was gone—gone forever! For nearly an hour he sat there stupefied, with the receiver still in his hand.

Thus it happened that when the continual buzzing of the 'phone awakened him, he thought it was only central calling

his attention to his carelessness, and snapped it into place and stalked out of the house. Had he only known that it was his Rose trying to tell him that she did love him, after all, and forgave him!

Late that afternoon the maid again appeared in the doorway of Rose's room, announcing:

"Mr. Ned left this for you, ma'm, but wouldn't wait for an answer."

It was a little volume of poems he had borrowed from her weeks before. Instinctively she ran to the window. Her heart sank within her as she beheld that scene. There was Ned in his car mounting the hill a quarter of a mile away, and at the top he stopped and gave a farewell look at the window of the girl he loved, but the trees kept him from seeing her. As he sped out of sight, these words escaped her lips:

"Gone! gone forever!" and she fell on her bed and wept until she was so exhausted that she fell asleep.

* * * * * * * * *

It was a few hours after commencement. She was trying to be happy with her classmates, but her heart was laboring under a heavy burden of sorrow. She was packing her trunk, and as she threw one of her books in, a piece of note paper fell out. She threw it in the wastebasket, thinking it an ordinary class paper. Then, upon recognizing the book as the little book of poems Ned had had, she rescued it, and, upon opening it, read:

DEAR ROSE:—I am leaving forever at your command. My farewell present to you is the little bungalow that was to be our home. I built it for you, so take it. I have no use for it now. The key is under the door mat. Rose, dear, you are all I have in the world, and I'll always love you as I do today. And, with a broken heart, I must say

Good-bye forever,

NED.

* * * * * * * * *

Weeks slipped into months, and the months seemed years to Rose. She had mechanically passed through the beautiful summer, the glorious autumn, the gloomy winter, and now it

was spring once more. Her heart was heavier than ever. Her life was a sad, automatic drudgery. This morning she was scanning the columns of a number of daily papers, as she always did, for news of her lover. She didn't expect her efforts to be rewarded; they never were. But this time she found what she hunted. In one corner there was a short article that interested her. Some one had given a fine car to the Y. M. C. A. It was to be auctioned off in Atlanta for the Y. M. C. A. Overseas Fund. From the description, it was Ned's car. She was sure of it, and on consulting an auto directory she found that the number given in the paper was his. But she saw with disappointment that his old address in Lenoir was given. She decided to go to Atlanta and search for him. Her father went with her, but they could find out nothing except that it was his car and that he had gone away a few days before and had left no address.

Summer passed and fall was just beginning, when one day a letter came from Washington which was addressed in Ned's own handwriting. She tore it open in feverish haste and drank it in. It was short, but, oh! how sweet:

DEAREST ROSE:—I thought perhaps you would regret your hasty action, for I am positive you love me. I have always loved you and always will, so if you do still love me and trust me and want me to come back, write to this address. I have set aside my pride this last time, my dear, so won't you do the same and call back your own

NED.

She was too happy for words. It was hours before she could calm her joy enough to answer. She finally wrote him a long letter, pleading for forgiveness and begging him to come back to her. But she didn't mail it that night, and it was never mailed. By morning her old pride had returned. She couldn't send it. For months she had longed for and prayed for that very address, and now that she had it she wouldn't use it. What would he think of her if she yielded? He wouldn't love her if she went to him. Was her love stronger than her pride? He had said he loved her. Surely he would come to her anyway. Her pride won, so the letter was destroyed.

Then in about two weeks there came the great celebration of the signing of the armistice. She would have been absolutely happy today—if Ned had only been there. In her joy, she overcame her pride and wrote him to come back. But she was again doomed to disappointment. The letter was returned. Across the front was the bold hand of a postal employee: "Moved away—forward address not known."

* * * * * * * * *

It was the twenty-third of December, and she was doing her Christmas shopping in busy Atlanta, when her attention was arrested by a dirty newsboy announcing the explosion of a munition factory. She secured a paper and hastily scanned the article about the horrible accident. Among the missing she found the name of Ned Durham. This was too much for her. She must go to him—he might be lying there in the awful cold under the wreckage, dying. She telegraphed her plans to her father, and a few hours later was speeding northward.

About sunrise two days later she arrived at the Virginia munition town. As she stepped from the train, there was only one man waiting to board the train. He was clad in big, rough shoes and very dirty overalls, with a slouchy black hat half covering his face. He was evidently one of the laborers at the plant. As she passed, she gave him a casual glance, then a second, for something had caught her attention; then uttered:

"Oh, Ned!" and fell into the strong arms of her lover.

"Rose! my own Rose!" he murmured repeatedly, as the train rolled out of sight.

After the first joy subsided, she freed herself from his embrace and asked shyly:

"Ned, where is the uniform?"

Then, as he dropped his eyes and half turned away, she hastened to add:

"Never mind, dear. I don't care. I love you. I would love you even if you were a slacker. But I have treated you cruelly. You can't forgive me now. You can't love me after all that—"

"I do, my little Rose. You are my life—my all. I do love you."

And she realized that he forgave her all by the look of tenderness and forgiveness in his eyes as he pressed her once more to his heart.

A. Y. D., '19.

"SYMPATHY"

Ah! sympathy—a word which ne'er
Is known to many a heart—
Yet it may prove a blessing dear
And shield from many a dart.

There's many a heart that's bleeding yet
In agony and pain,
But sympathy this heart might set
At peace with all again.

There's many a heart which we may pass
In idle, careless thought,
Which by the Tempter's web, alas,
In sin is being caught.

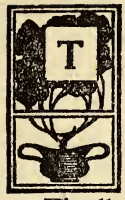
Yet still a word of sympathy—
A simple little word—
Might change for it its destiny
And free it as the bird.

There's many a heart by sorrow pressed
That seems as if 'twill break,
Which by the words of friends caressed
Again might courage take.

For true we know not how nor when
A word of love we speak
May bring a joy to sorrowing men
Or courage to the weak.

J. C. I., '19.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF KENTUCKY



THE MAMMOTH CAVE of Kentucky has long been of great interest to me, and when the colors called me to a camp near Louisville last summer, I determined that I would not leave the Blue Grass State before paying a visit to the most famous cavern of the world.

Finally the opportunity that I longed for came, and a friend and I left Louisville on an afternoon train going toward the southwest. We were pleased to find, too, that we were not alone, but were members of a large party bent on the same purpose. After traveling through a beautiful country of level fields and gently rolling hills, we came at nightfall to a small station where we were to change to the short line leading to the cave, nine miles away.

The ride over this primitive road was as picturesque as the one just completed had been pleasant. The single little day coach was pitifully devoid of the more common conveniences of travel, and the wheezy little engine tugged away feebly, though faithfully, at its burden; and, although it always moved slowly through the darkness, at times it almost stopped while climbing the steeper hills in the neighborhood of the cave.

At last we were at the end of our journey, and, feeling tired and dusty, we left the stuffy little car and stepped out into the invigorating mountain atmosphere outside. We were surprised, however, at not finding well-lighted paved ways leading to the hotel. In fact, even with the aid of the conductor of the party, who led the way with a lantern, some one occasionally stepped into a hole or stumbled against a tree in the darkness. The hotel itself, instead of being a comfortable building, with modern appointments, was a small, rough frame structure, finished with undressed lumber. There was a certain charm about the place, however, and every one accepted the situation without complaint.

Refreshed by a truly Southern meal, we began at nine o'clock that night to make our first trip in the cave. For the conveni-

ence of the public as well as of the guides who pilot the parties about underground, the succession of avenues and passages of the cavern are divided up into four different routes, from which it is not customary to depart. As we were already a little tired, we decided to take the first route, which is the shortest of the four.

As we went toward the entrance to the cave, the guide made a reference to the causes of this stupendous piece of natural workmanship. A thick stratum of limestone underlies the whole district, and it is this which makes the country famous for its great number of caves and sink holes, which are but caves that have fallen in. It is said there are as many as five hundred known caves and four thousand sink holes in the one county in which Mammoth Cave is located.

Just as the carbonated water finally roughens the marble of a soda fountain, so carbonic acid, which is absorbed by water partly from the air and partly from decomposed vegetable matter in the soil, slowly formed the cave by disintegrating the limestone, assisted by the mechanical action of water.

Before we entered the cave, the guide told us the old legend of how the entrance was first discovered by a hunter in chase of a bear. We then climbed down the stone steps into a world of eternal blackness, which is relieved only by our own oil lamps. We walked almost a hundred yards until we came to a narrow place which is closed by a grated gate to keep out intruders, and were surprised at the strong draught of air which in that cold weather rushed through the grate with considerable force. As we went farther in, we notice that the temperature gradually becomes warmer and warmer, and the guide told us that the temperature inside the cave remains at 54 degrees the year round.

Soon we came to a great circular room called the Rotunda, and by placing his strong gas lamp in a certain place, the guide showed us the magnificent symmetry of the natural architecture. We then took a side passage and went into Audubon Avenue, a long passage so called because the great naturalist is

said to have spent considerable time there studying the myriads of bats which cling to the walls during the winter period of hibernation like swarms of bees. We did not go much farther in this direction before the guide directed us back to the Rotunda and showed us the old saltpeter works which were operated there during the War of 1812, when an embargo cut off all foreign sources of this necessity of war. Remains of the old seepage vats are still there, and some of the long hollowed logs which were used as pipes to conduct water into the cave and the brine out are still in a splendid state of preservation, though they are remarkably light in weight. As we went down the great corridors of the main cave, the guide pointed out the tracks made by oxen and wagons which long ago hauled "peter dirt" back to the vats in the Rotunda.

Soon we came to the Giant's Coffin, a large fallen stone about forty-five feet long, fifteen feet high and eighteen feet wide, which weighs about two thousand tons. The guide then led us behind the Coffin, through Dante's Gateway into a side passage. Soon after passing through the Wooden Bowl Room, which the guide said was named for an Indian bowl once found there, the guide, a natural wag, asked if any of the party would like to have some wine. He then led the entire thirsty party down the winding stairs to another level about forty feet below.

Before long we came to a number of vertical shafts called pits and domes, according to the viewpoint of the beholder. The guide told us that these were bored by swirling masses of water falling through a break in one hard stratum to another one below. One of these pits, called Bottomless Pit, is over one hundred feet deep and about forty feet in diameter. It was first crossed in 1840 by a guide on a slender cedar pole. Now it is spanned by a substantial bridge, upon which we stood and watched the guide throw his burning balls of oil-saturated waste with unerring skill on certain ledges far below. These brilliant torches burning far below displayed clearly the cor rugated walls of the hideous abyss. Directly above the Bottomless Pit is a great dome of about equal dimensions called Shelby's Dome in honor of the first Governor of Kentucky.

As we went on, we passed over the Bridge of Sighs and through Revellers' Hall, so called because once used as a dining hall by picnicers, and soon came to Echo Chamber. Here the ordinary sounds of walking, speaking or singing are taken up and continued as remarkable reverberations, which the guide explained was due to a hollow chamber beneath the thin floor.

After passing beneath a great stone inclined at a threatening angle, called Scotchman's Trap, we struggled through a tortuous path called Fat Man's Misery, which the guide says is nature's own cure for obesity. As this winding defile is not only no more than eighteen inches wide through most of its two hundred and thirty feet of length, but often also no higher than four feet, it is hardly less miserable to those of the leaner than those of the taller type. All along the sides of the narrow passage one can see the waving lines made by the water as it for hundreds of years cut its way through the limestone. From Fat Man's Misery we emerge into a spacious room which very appropriately is called Great Relief.

The guide then told us that we had reached the end of the first route, and, after winding our way back by a way somewhat shorter than we had come, we were again on the outside. It was then midnight and, needless to say, everybody was ready for rest.

The next morning at nine o'clock we left the hotel to begin the second route. As we passed down the ravine leading to the cave, we enjoyed the sight of a forest as nature made it, for no woodsman's axe had yet touched the primeval trees or in any way marred the original beauty of the scene.

Leaving daylight again and descending into the mouth of the cave as before, we were able to see the size of the entrance. The arch at the opening has a span of seventy feet, and a beautiful little cascade leaps down and falls on the rocks sixty feet below.

We again went through the Rotunda and, after passing the saltpeter vats, we turned aside to the right for a ramble through Gothic Avenue. First came Booth's Ampitheatre, so called because the great actor once recited a passage from Hamlet there,

and soon we entered Register Hall, where visitors for a century have scratched their names on the walls or smoked them on the white ceiling with candles.

Next we came upon a number of stalactites, some of which are wet and dripping as the process of formation still goes on. When the guide informs us that these stone icicles are formed at the rate of one inch in one hundred years we marvel as we think of the great age of what we see about us, for we know that it was already hoary with age before the Egyptian pyramids were ever thought of. There are also some stalagmites which were slowly built up from the floor as the dropping water deposited its load of carbonate. Sometimes the two forms meet and form columns of various shapes. The most noticeable of these are the Bridle Altar and Jenny Lind's Arm Chair, where the famous singer once sat and rested.

We returned to the main cave and passed thence into River Hall. So different is this that it really should be called another cave, for Mammoth Cave is really a succession of different caves, where walls and floors were ages ago worn through by the cave stream. We passed the Dead Sea and then descended to a lower terrace and crossed the black waters of the River Styx on a natural bridge. Lake Lethe later came into view, but we were unable to catch a glimpse of the blind fish which inhabit this pool. After passing over the Sandy Sahara and toiling through the Slough of Purgatory, we came to Echo River.

This is a slowly moving stream one hundred and sixty feet below the surface of the ground and is from twenty to two hundred feet wide, with a depth varying from five to thirty feet. The water has gathered from the numerous sink holes of the surrounding country and empties a mile or so from where we first saw it as large bubbling pools into Green River, which, incidentally, is named for the hero of Eutaw Springs in South Carolina. Our party filled two of the flat-boats, which are large enough to carry about twenty-five persons each, and began our voyage down the river. We moved very slowly and had the novel experience of seeing our guide propel our little

craft, not in the conventional way with oars, but by gently pushing against the ceiling of the river, for the river flows through a huge tunnel, the roof of which along most of our route is in easy reach of a man standing in the boat. Some distance beyond the limit of our voyage the roof becomes so low as to make further progress impossible.

As they passed down the river, the jolly party sang many songs in order that they might witness the phenomenon which gives the river its name. But, in fact, the term "echo" is incorrect, for what is heard is really a prolongation of sound that reverberates in the hollow spaces for five or ten minutes before it finally dies away.

After going about a half mile, we reach a place where the effect is most noticeable, and the guide had the party remain very quiet while he mimicked the whistles of river steamers or the sound of Alpine yoddlers. The effect of the resulting prolongation of his voice and the wonderful harmony of the undertones, particularly when the cave's keynote was struck, was almost magical. Here we were at the end of our ride, and as we traveled back toward the only landing we had yet seen we again noticed the tinkling sound of the little wavelets as they played in and out of the tiny grottoes along the walls of the river. Despite the warning of the guide that there was a State law involving a heavy fine against taking souvenirs from the cave, many of the soldiers in the party tried to pull fragments of limestone from the river ceiling, but evidently the supply of loose pieces had already been exhausted.

Leaving the river, we began to work our way back toward the entrance. We reached the main cave again, and then turned sharply to one side into the acute angle. We soon came upon the two remaining stone houses of a village of thirteen houses and tents occupied in 1843 by a number of consumptives, whose physicians thought the even temperature and wonderfully pure air would help them. These modern cave dwellers even tried to make the community more attractive by planting and encouraging shrubs and flowers to grow there. Of course, no life could prosper at a distance of more than a

mile from the nearest ray of sunshine, and the experiment was a pitiful failure.

The next spot of interest visited was the Star Chamber. This is a great hall whose roof is covered with black manganese oxide, and where it has in places decayed, the white limestone underneath appears. The guide had the party put out all of their lights, while he disappeared behind a rock with his. He then skilfully manipulated his light, and the illusion was perfect. We were almost sure we saw the milky way, and clouds came and went in a very realistic manner. As the guide slowly returned toward us the beauty of the dawn was wonderfully imitated.

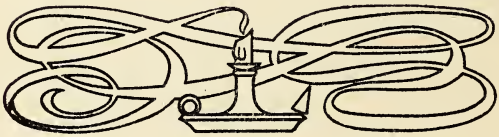
After leaving the Star Chamber, we turned aside to see Mammoth Dome and the Ruins of Karnok, which are close together. The former is a great dome, whose walls are decorated with stalactites resembling tapestry. The Ruins of Karnok, or the Egyptian Temple, as it is also called, contains six great columns about eighty feet high and twenty feet in diameter. The sides of these are fluted almost as perfectly as if done by machinery.

Then, to make the distance shorter, the guide led us through the Corkscrew, which reminds one of a great hole filled with rocks in haphazard fashion. We scrambled over these as best we could, sometimes crawling and sometimes pulling ourselves up vertical ladders. The task was a strenuous one, and many a man, child or woman has to stop frequently for breath. Finally we emerged into the main cave and were soon in the daylight again.

In the two trips, we had spent eight hours underground and had walked eight miles. Every one was convinced that the cave was correctly named. The guide told us that if all the passages were put end to end they would reach one hundred and fifty miles, and it is known that the labyrinth is embraced in an area ten miles in diameter. The original beauty of the cave, however, has been greatly marred by smoke from the countless candles and lanterns that have been carried through the cave during the past century.

The cave property is at present owned by a number of heirs, and it is a question who will purchase it. It is to be hoped that the Government will buy Mammoth Cave and some of the newer and hence more beautiful, though smaller, caves of the locality and make of them a well equipped national park.

D. H. D., '19.



THE R. O. T. C.

(By Major L. J. Erler, Professor of Tactics and Military Science, Wofford College Fitting School, Spartanburg, S. C.)

THE LESSONS learned by our country while participating in the world war have clearly demonstarted to all the invaluable worth of the educated man to the Government, whether he be in the army, navy or civil department. To properly officer an army in time of national emergency, and to properly fill the positions in the civil departments, it is necessary to have men of education, good health and strong bodies, and if the particular line of endeavor of the individual be to aid the military feature, it is further necessary that a large number of the young men of this country be so trained in the fundamentals of a military education that they will be able to take the positions of leaders in time of war.

The purpose of college training is not to militarize our institutions of learning, but to attempt to give to the individual those valuable elements which result from military training by introducing into the curriculum of the school a course in military training. With the abolishment of the Students' Army Training Corps, the Reserve Officers' Training Corps again reappeared, and today but few colleges remain which have not taken some steps toward the organization and development of an R. O. T. C. unit.

The R. O. T. C. is a federal organization, provided for by an act of Congress approved June 3, 1916, and provides for training, by certain prescribed methods, the students of our civil educational institutions for reserve officers. It is a system of standardized and systematic training which will so train the young man of this country that he will be able to take his place as an officer in time of national emergency; that he will, by methods designed to teach men for the pursuits of war, learn how to fit himself for peace and at the same time by this training gain those assets of physical fitness, alertness, loyalty and co-ordination valuable not only in time of war, but of inestimable value in time of peace.

To more clearly define the R. O. T. C. and differentiate between this unit and the S. A. T. C., the outstanding features of both must be shown. The latter was primarily a war measure, and as such was essentially and strictly a military organization. The student body was organized into units at the different institutions and was at all times under military control and military discipline.

The R. O. T. C. is an entirely different organization, with the idea in mind of giving such training as will enable certain specially qualified members to earn commissions as reserve officers, this purpose to be accomplished by introducing into the curriculum of our institutions of learning a course of study of fundamental military value which at this same time will be consistent with the work prescribed for a liberal education. It has for its added purpose the upbuilding of the physical fitness of the individual, the attainment of health, vigor and self-reliance, qualities not alone essential from a military point of view, but applying equally strong to success in any line of human endeavor.

The course as outlined is of four years duration and requires that an average of at least three hours per week in the basic course (first two years) and five hours per week in the advanced course (last two years) be devoted to such military and physical training as prescribed. In addition to the work required above, all members of the R. O. T. C. will be required to take not less than two and one-half hours per week of physical training, which work shall be under the professor of military science and tactics or under the Department of Physical Training, as the institution may decide.

Summer camps will be organized, which members of the R. O. T. C. will be required to attend, according to schedule shown herein. Mileage and subsistence will be furnished to all attending these camps. In the institutions not essentially military, but where practical military drill is given during the academic year in connection with the theoretical work and physical training, one camp is required during the basic course and one during the advanced course. Those members of an

R. O. T. C. unit taking the advanced course must complete camp training prior to graduation.

The schedule, as experimentally worked out and which it is hoped will be adopted, is as follows: Camps, 2; number of hours of physical training, 2½; number of hours of military drill, 2; number of hours of theoretical instruction, 3.

It is planned to give credit towards a degree as follows: Physical training, equivalent to one hour per week; military training, including camps, equivalent to one hour per week; and the theoretical instruction, equivalent to three hours per week, requiring two hours' preparation for each hour of recitation.

On completion of the basic course and recommendation for further training by the president of the institution and the professor of tactics and military science, the student passes to the advanced course. In connection with this, a schedule is being devised to give credit for certain periods of military service during the present war toward the advanced course. This schedule indicates the term of service considered equivalent to the two years preliminary basic course:

1. Service as a commissioned officer in the United States army.

2. Three months service as an enlisted man with combat troops in France or Italy.

3. Four months duty in service of supply or in training camps or schools in France.

4. Six months service in cantonments in the United States.

Commutation of subsistence amounting to $120.00 to $140.00 per annum will be paid to those who have entered the last two years of study.

All members of an R. O. T. C. unit will receive from the Government all uniforms, will enjoy the opportunity of attending summer camps, with transportation and all expenses paid, and will at all times have use of Government equipment.

At the present time it is hoped that service in an S. A. T. C. unit may count month for month for service in the two-year

basic R. O. T. C. work required for admission to the advanced course.

The value of such a unit is undeniably beneficial to institution and student, as it gives the opportunity of direct participation in plans and policies of the War Department with reference to the policy of national defense, it permits of the use of all equipment furnished by the Government, and it gives to the individual the characteristics of physical fitness, discipline, co-operation, initiative and the ability to work in harmony with those both above and below him.

It is a broad policy of national preparedness and not an attempt to militarize the country, and its unquestionable worth is borne out by the fact that 416 colleges and universities in the United States have R. O. T. C. units today, or have made application for same. As quoted from the R. O. T. C. Bulletin a short time ago, the occasion being that an R. O. T. C. unit was to be introduced in the Chicago schools, "14,000 potential generals found class rooms in Chicago high schools too small to hold their enthusiasm yesterday."

Wofford College Journal

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Contributions for the Literary Department must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. Short stories, essays and poems are solicited, and this department is open to every student.

Three medals are given by the Staff during the year. A short story medal is given to the member of any class submitting the best story. One medal is given for the best essay coming from any student, and one for the best poem.

Subscription per year, $1.50; single copies, 20 cents.
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J. P. Barron.....Editor-in-Chief
G. E. Moore.....Assistant Editor-in-Chief

The Wofford Ideal

Any man who comes to Wofford and does not feel in his nature a response to the spirit of those who have lived and labored here is surely a poor type of a man. The high ideals and purposes of those noble sons of old Wofford seem to linger still upon the campus, ever ready to take root in the lives of those whose minds are open to the reception of them. Some of the South's greatest educators have devoted their lives to the task of building up Wofford, and the benign influence of such men, who refused greater offers because of their devotion to their chosen task, still permeates the atmosphere of the old college and gives to it a spirit rarely found elsewhere. Such remarks are not the vainglorious boasting of an egotistic mind, but are merely an inevitable conclusion reached through the association with old Wofford men and through knowing the spirit of love and reverence with which they regard their alma mater. It is this spirit that has influenced the lives of those who have contributed much to the advancement of our State and nation, and the review of the achievements of these men furnish sufficient proof to convince any who are at all inclined to doubt the indebtedness of our country to the denominational college. When we view the extent of the achievement of Wofford's alumni, we realize how peculiarly appropriate the motto of the college is to its past, and the heart of every true Wofford man must thrill on reading that quotation from Horace: "Intaminatis Fulget Honoribus." Surely "She Shines with Untarnished Honors."

But a college cannot live long upon its past, and its future reputation rests in the hands of the present generations of students. The responsibility rests upon the shoulders of each man now in college to do all he can to make that future as illustrious as possible, and therefore it is the duty of every man to so apply himself and put his mind in touch with that ideal inherited from others that he will be able to do all he can to maintain the record of our beloved institution. Opportunities wasted in college are not only a disgrace to the individual student and a wrong committed against those making sacrifices to give that man those opportunities, but they are a reflection upon the institution which that man goes out to represent, in so far as he fails to measure up to the standards which those who have gone before him have set. Never before have college men faced such opportunities for service and unselfish achievement, and this should challenge the manhood of those who enjoy these opportunities denied to many. Truly, the men who fritter away their time in college are now as guilty of being "slackers" as the men whose minds and hearts were unrespon sive to their country's call in time of war. The greatest victories that a country can win are not those of war, but those of peace, and to the present generation of college men falls this task not only of winning the victories of peace for our own country, but also of participating in the rebuilding of a world on the basis of justice and liberty for humanity.

Wofford men of the past have ever been mindful of and responsive to their country's need, and it is not conceivable that the Wofford men of the present or those of the future can fail to meet the challenge which they are facing. To us as we go out into life now falls the lot to uphold the name that our college rightly has, and to those who remain yet a while there is the unmistakable duty to put the utmost into their college life and work in order to be as well fitted as possible for the tasks that lie ahead of them. Wofford men, the task is ours! Shall we meet it as Wofford men or shall we allow the old Wofford banner to trail in the dust? We as Wofford men feel that there can be but one answer to such a question, for

the Wofford ideal is still alive in the hearts of her sons and they will go forth to win in her name, and to her will much of the honor be due. Let us always remember our "alma mater" and be ever mindful of her motto, which she expects us to maintain: "Intaminatis Fulget Honoribus."

Co-operation

In the affairs of life there is no other factor which attributes more to the success of an undertaking than hearty and sincere co-operation. College life is in a way a small duplicate of the larger life of the world, and on the college campus it is vitally necessary that this principle be put into practice. Without it college activities must inevitably suffer and college spirit, as the result of this, will grow weaker and make itself less and less manifest. Therefore, in an attempt to build up activities which have been allowed to degenerate, the first thing that it is necessary to secure is the undivided support and co-operation of the entire student body.

One of the things that hamper student activities at Wofford is the unintentional lack of co-operation on the part of many students. A man is elected to an office, and then he is expected to do the entire job by himself. This not only is unfair to that man, but necessarily means that the work will be done poorer than if he had the hearty support of all the men on the campus. It is impossible for the president of the Y. M. C. A. to keep up that important institution as it should be run if he must assume the whole responsibility himself and not have the aid of the cabinet; yet this is what is actually done. A man is elected editor of a college publication, and he is expected to put out that publication practically unassisted, and he is forced not only to solicit all the contributions, but actually to do a large part of the writing. Officers are expected to make and run the literary societies, and the cheer leader is expected to do most of the cheering at a game. These statements may be slightly exaggerated, but the idea back of them is true, and this condition of affairs should be remedied and each student should feel that he is personally responsible for

all activities on the campus to a certain extent. No man should accept any honor which he does not expect to fill to the best of his ability, and if all associate officers and editors would fill their positions to the best of their ability, there would not be an unnecessary burden placed on the chief officer and all activities would be greatly improved. All activities belong to the students, and it is the duty of the students to participate in them. Otherwise they miss the training and experience to be gotten from these activities—the very thing for which the activities have been established.

The baseball season has begun very successfully, and no doubt it is due to a certain extent to the fact that the team feels that the students are back of them and are supporting them unreservedly. This is indeed commendable, and it is to be hoped that this support will continue. But athletics are not the only or most important phase of college life, and if the students will only turn in and give the same support to the religious and literary side of college life that they are giving to the team all activities will have an unprecedented period of improvement. Fellows, let's do away with the one-man organizations on the campus and supplant them by co-operative organizations, in which all officers and the entire student body will work in perfect harmony in order that we may have the best literary societies possible, a Y. M. C. A. that is actively alive, with well attended meetings, and publications which will rank second to none in the South.

The Point System of Honors

For the past several years, each year mention has been made by various leaders on the campus that Wofford adopt the point system of holding honors, but as yet no action has been taken or no discussion been stimulated. This is a much needed rule, for under present conditions a certain small number of men hold the majority of the college honors and as a result are very much overworked. Under this system, no man is allowed to hold but a limited number of offices, and thus he has more time for other things. Each office counts for so many

points, in proportion to the responsibility or dignity of the office, and the number of offices that a man may hold depends on the number of points his various honors amount to. This system is a valuable one for two reasons, as it not only saves a popular man from being overworked, but it also will tend to develop a greater amount of initiative and leadership on the campus. College life is intended to develop leadership, but if the greater number of offices are held by a few men and the largest amount of responsibility placed in their hands, the other men do not have a chance to become leaders and are placed at a decided disadvantage when they enter life where they are forced to assume positions of leadership. The men who have formerly proposed the adoption of this system at Wofford have been the men who have held the largest number of honors in their classes, and this clearly shows that these men think that the present condition of affairs should be changed and every man given a fairer chance to develop his powers of leadership. Now is a very good time to begin the discussion of this matter, and every man should think over it, talk about it with his friends and urge some leader to bring up the matter before the student body so it will have the proper hearing. This is no tendency toward "socialism," or is it connected in any way with the movement of "bolshevism," and therefore there is no danger in the adoption of such a system, but such an action on the part of the students will be a wise one and will no doubt tend to build up the various activities which seem to need men who can afford to give more of their time and attention to them.

An Appreciation

The staff of THE JOURNAL wishes to express their appreciation to the various contributors for the interest they have shown in this issue of our magazine and for the willingness with which they have labored to make this an exceptionally good number. The number of contributions handed in have been both a source of surprise and pleasure to the editors, who are usually hard pressed for articles to publish. For the first

time in the past several years there has been a greater number of contributions than we could publish. Such a spirit of interest in our literary publication is indeed encouraging to those who are trying to maintain its high standard, and it is a pleasure to put out a magazine under such circumstances. But even yet there is room for improvement, and it is to be hoped that we shall have even a larger number of contributions for the next issue. The staff should have at least twenty-five contributions to select from in order to put out the best possible magazine, and if all the men in college who can write would get busy that condition would be realized.

We notice in the editorial column of another journal a statement that there had been nine essays handed in for that number by Freshmen alone, and we see no reason why there should not be an equal number contributed to our publication by the Freshmen here. Wake up, Freshmen, and get busy and show that you are as capable of writing as any other group of Freshmen in the State. The Journal belongs to all the students, and it is the duty of every man to try to make it as good as possible. So, fellows, let's keep the good work going, and let's make it quite an honor to win one of the medals offered by the staff because of the keen competition for them.

R. M. NABERS.....EDITOR

The Clemson College Chronicle

This is the first issue of the *Chronicle* this year, and we are glad to have it among our exchanges. The first poem, "Soliloquy on a Hero," is a beautiful poem. The thought is good, and the writer has made a very careful selection of words, for they all seem to fit exactly. Our criticism of the poem is that its metre changes. Probably the author intended this. However, we do not think this should be done in our college magazines. With a little more attention to metrical construction, this writer should give us some real good poetry.

The essay, "The New Learning," is on the popular subject of the lessons taught by the present war. The subject is much too large for the length of the essay. It is altogether too brief, and the sentences do not make a smooth transition. Coherence has been sacrificed for brevity. "De Parson's Sermon" is a poetic reproduction of an old negro joke. It is a very easy matter to overdo the negro dialect, but here it is well handled, and the poem furnishes several minutes of pleasant amusement. "Harry Newton's Luck" is an impossible short story. It tells of a man going to war and leaving his girl behind. The submarine affair has the distinct air of unreality. The account of the battle is well told, but the conclusion is weak and would have been better had the hero been allowed to return home and

meet his sweetheart on this side. A sad truth is expressed in the poem, "To Dad." The lines,

> "Whose pockets I have
> Always helped to drain,
> Whose heart, at times,
> I have almost broken with pain,"

are especially fine in their expression of a truth. "To Mother" is modeled after a once popular song, but there is a difference in the arrangement. This compares most favorably to the thought of the song; in fact, we believe that here the thought is deeper and more sincerely expressed. "Our Heroes" is a short essay, or rather a toast, to the boys who went "over there." It is a common topic of the day and well expressed. We fully understand the difficulties under which the staff is working this year, and they are to be congratulated on their first issue.

The Concept

This is one of the most interesting magazines we have ever read. The first poem, "Viewpoints," treats a scene of nature from three different angles, and it is fittingly done, too. "The Perennial Bubble" is a short story a little different from what is usually found in college publications. The character of the old maid aunt is most delightfully revealed, and in this story we have a most appropriate conclusion. We wish to compliment the author on the use of one word particularly. that is *fetch.* This word has almost become obsolete, and we hate to see our old English words cast aside as rubbish. "The Defense of a Dead Poet" is one of the best poems we have had the pleasure of reading in any of our exchanges. The words are exceptionally well chosen. "Poe and Maeterlinck" is an interesting essay on comparative literature. In "Toinette," the introduction of the story is skilfully portrayed and the plot is revealed in logical order. "Where Happiness Hides" is a pretty little poem. The different points of view are covered by the subject, for happiness hides everywhere. The sketch "On Being Good" shows the common error of misunderstanding

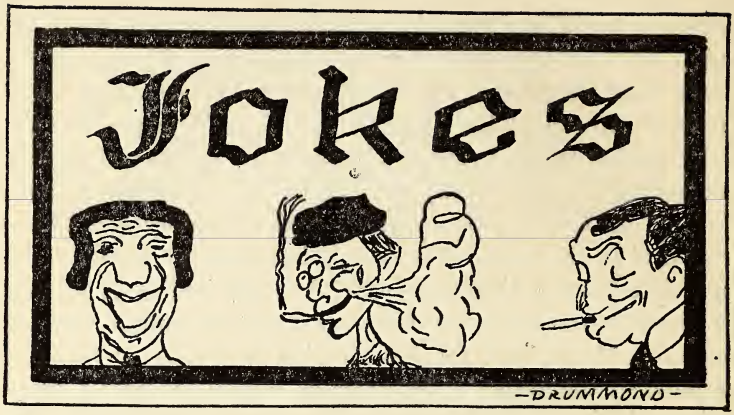
children. In "A True Daughter of Eve" we have the old triangle plot, but the author has succeeded in giving it a rather surprising turn. One cannot help being thrilled by Eve's pretended change of character. "Changes the War Has Wrought in Woman's Economic Status" is an essay treating this important question of today. The subject is taken up logically and the material is handled in a way that is altogether pleasing. The Editorial Department is exceedingly well written. We read with interest the "Education of the Future" and "Peace Times." These articles deal with problems of vital importance to our nation, and we are glad to note that our exchanges are not afraid to face the big issues before us. *The Concept,* as a magazine, is about the best we have received this year and reflects much credit on the institution which it represents.

Pine and Thistle

This is a well balanced magazine, in which the stories, poems and essays are almost well proportioned. "Confused Love in a Shopwindow" is a one-act play in which the plot is a little different from what we usually find in college publications. We found this play to be very interesting. This is one literary form that needs to be developed in colleges. Even in a doll play, we notice the impossibility of avoiding the war feeling. "A Turk's Vengeance" is the first short story. In this story the conversation seems to be unreal to the characters using it. There is one commendable thing in this story, that is its conclusion. It is a common fault of collegiate writers to carry the plot on after the climax has been reached. A story should always be closed as soon as possible after reaching the point of greatest interest. In this story this rule of short story writing is strictly adhered to. The next story, "Will Dreams Come True?" has an air of unreality about it. The scene changes too rapidly from the hospital in France to the railroad station. With a little smoother transition put in just here, the story would have been improved a great deal. "The Parting of Day" is a very simple poem, but its very simplicity makes it beautiful. The stanza is appropriate and the metre is perfect.

The essay on "The Formation of Habits" has too many quotations. The sentences do not appear to be smoothly connected. However, the psychology is good and refutes the statement of Professor Horne. "The Message of a Song" was greatly misunderstood at the first reading; however, on the second reading its meaning was fully grasped. We have no criticism to make of it; on the contrary, it is a most creditable story and adds a great deal to the issue. We must admit that we cannot fully appreciate "Just a Whimsicality." We are willing to assume the blame ourselves rather than lay it on the author, for the conclusion shows that the introduction is clearly pictured in the mind of the author. "A Practice Period" is only a diary of the activities of a college day. The way for telling the story is fittingly chosen and the story itself is told in a clever manner. "East 76th Street" is mostly a descriptive short story. The scenes are described as they meet the eyes, and the description is excellent. We regret that the Editorial Department was so short. The only article in this department was of real value, and we feel that had there been others they would have been equally as good.

We are pleased to acknowledge as our other exchanges *The Winthrop Journal, The Collegian, The Bashaba, The Chronicle, The College of Charleston Magazine, The Cerebus, The Criterion, The Concept, The Pine and Thistle, The Furman Echo, The Carolinian.*



K. C. Frazer ..... Editor

Professor (in French class)—"Translate, Mr. Hollis, si'l vous plait."

Freshman Hollis—"Doctor, what do you mean by *silver plate?*"

Small Colored Boy (watching parade)—"Huh! mamma, look at dem sojers."

Mother (impatiently)—"Shut up, boy; don't 'splay yo' ignunce. Dem's de Knights ob Pilfkerus in dey new costumes."

"Buddy" Cauthen (on Psychology exam)—"Say, boys, tell me whether this is a science or literature?"

Sophisticated Sophomore (to Senior)—"After all, it isn't brains or education that counts, it's personality."

Senior—"Correct, old chap. What in the world would you be able to do without personality?"

Soph. Goodwin (looking at a rainbow late one afternoon)—"Say, fellows, look at that beautiful sunset."

First Student—"You haven't got will power enough to stop smoking."

Second Student—"I have; but if I did stop the faculty would get all the credit for it."

Dr. Chiles (in French class)—"Gentlemen, if you do not understand a sentence, you must look up everything in it, even down to the apostrophe or the period."

Y. M. C. A. Speaker (to a large audience)—"My mission is to save young men."

Young Lady (in audience)—"Save me one, please."

Dr. Clinkscales (in Astronomy)—"Mr. Green, what important constellation is in the equatorial belt?"

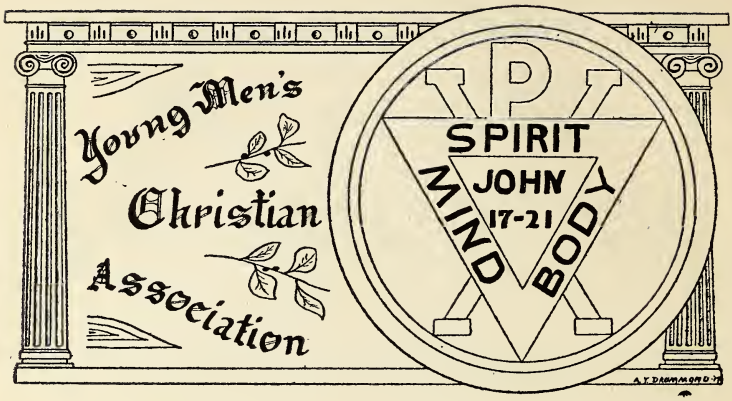
Johnnie Green—"Is it the moon, Doctor?"

"Monk" Garland (on Psychology exam, after professor has just left the room)—"Say, let's erase part of that eighth question. Dr. Rembert is rather mixed up on it."

Dr. Clink (in Astronomy, reading down the roll)—"Mister-r-r Johnson?"

"Essau" Johnson (Bell Ringer)—"Yessir, Doctor, it's time for the bell right this minute."

Dr. Clink—"Well, gentlemen, I've had all kinds of stunts pulled off on me in my life, but I've never had the bell rung on me before."



D. H. DANTZLER.....EDITOR

For some time there has been in operation in Carlisle Hall a number of Bible classes, more commonly known as Bible discussion groups, since it is the aim to have a general discussion of a given lesson in which all the students shall take part, instead of the usual class taught entirely by a teacher. Each of these discussions are led and directed by a leader and an assistant leader. These groups meet each week, but the leaders themselves take part previously in a discussion as preparation for their own classes. Prof. A. M. DuPre has kindly consented to meet with this group and conduct the discussion. The different groups, with their leaders, are as follows: For Seniors and Juniors, W. F. Harris and H. L. Harvin; Sophomores, D. H. Dantzler and L. O. Clinkscales; Freshmen, in two groups, one led by J. E. Ellis and W. C. Herbert; the other by J. P. Barron and B. F. Carmichael.

The meeting of February 14 was addressed by Dr. Mumpower, who is now in this country on a furlough after five years' service as a medical missionary stationed in the heart of the Belgian Congo. What the speaker had to say was especially interesting in view of the fact that he was the pioneer in his territory, he being the first and only physician to go to a section of country as large as both North and South Carolina

combined. His description of the country in which his mission is situated and of the people who live there and their customs was very interesting and instructive. He said that there is in that country a splendid opportunity for young men who have a desire to do something to raise the living standards of mankind and carry the teachings of Christ to the neglected people of the world, for the people there have a profound respect for and confidence in the white man, who, as they think, knows everything.

The management of the Y. M. C. A. was very fortunate in securing Dr. William L. Ball to make the address at the meeting of February 21. Dr. Ball is a new pastor of the community, having recently been called from Richmond to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of this city. The speaker read the twelfth chapter of Romans and based his remarks particularly upon the passage in the second verse of that chapter, "Be ye transformed." Dr. Ball said that there are several conditions that one must meet in order to so transform his life that it will have a harmonious development in conformity with the plan of God. The first and most important of these conditions is that one must present his life wholly and without reservation to God and His service. There must be no career planned with money as the sole objective, but the desire to serve should always be uppermost in one's heart. In the second place, after one has given his life to God, he should not take it away. He should study the teachings of Christ and seek the fellowship of persons of similar purpose, so that there may be no tendency to drift away from the ideals of his best self. The last condition that the speaker mentioned was that a young man should seek to discover what God would make of his life and, knowing this, he should accept the divine plan and henceforth make every effort to bring about the fulfillment of the divine purpose. A special feature of this meeting was a baritone solo by Mr. Roy France, of Spartanburg. The special music which Secretary Nisbet arranges adds much to the attractiveness of these Friday night meetings.

The regular meeting of Friday night, February 28, was not of a religious nature as usual, but was given over to a general student rally. A number of popular songs were sung by the students, and the splendid vocal selections rendered by Mr. Maury Pearson delighted the large audience. Dr. J. W. Frazer was the speaker of the evening, and he greatly pleased the students with his address upon the subject of "College Spirit." The speaker said that college spirit is a very indefinite thing, but nevertheless it is something very real and vitally important on every college campus. He said that it is necessary that every student get this spirit and apply it not in some one branch of college interest only, but in every activity of the college. The ideal college man is the all round college man. Every student should believe that his college is the best college and should make every interest of the college his own interest.

The Rev. Mr. Dibble, pastor of Bethel Church, Spartanburg, was the speaker at the meeting of March 7. Since Mr. Dibble is an old Wofford man, and, as he said, is still a Wofford man, what he had to say was followed with added interest. The address was based upon the passage from St. Paul, "I write unto you, because young men are strong." Strong men are the men who do things, and the world needs more of that type today. Men need to be strong so that they can avoid the great tendency to drift, for there are three kinds of drifting one may easily fall into. First, there is personal drifting, where we follow our own inclinations and do not follow the promptings of our better self. Then, there is crowd drifting, which is very common since so many people like to do the popular thing. It is another common fault to drift with the times, to do as society generally is doing in our own day. One needs the qualities of vision and strength to enable him to make a new trail which one coming after him will follow, to set standards which men will later recognize to be correct and to give to every field of endeavor the proper atmosphere. The world needs men who can stand for the right because it is right, whatever the cost.

While Wofford was under quarantine, the Y. M. C. A. came to the rescue as usual. Several extra moving pictures were given, in addition to the regular Tuesday night shows.

Since the students could not go to church Sunday, March 16, a special service was held Sunday evening. Col. W. C. Herbert, headmaster of the Fitting School, and an old alumnus of Wofford, was the speaker. He discussed some of the mistakes and misconceptions of college men as seen from the viewpoint of an outsider and business man. The students were glad for an opportunity to see themselves as others see them, even though the picture was not altogether complimentary, and the words of sound advice given in such a splendid spirit were deeply appreciated. A special feature of this meeting was the rendition of a sacred selection by the Wofford sextette, composed of Messrs. Hewitt, Green, A. T. Moore, Lander, Tatum and O. B. Simmons.

Dr. J. G. Clinkscales was the speaker at the meeting of Friday evening, March 28. His remarks were suggested by the passage from Isaiah 28:20, "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." A man's plan of life is like a bed; if it is properly designed, it will give lasting comfort and satisfaction; but if it is too short and shallow and narrow, only unhappiness will be associated with it. All men plan with great care and lay the foundation deep for a material structure, but too many men give no real thought to the kind of structure their life is going to be, nor to the methods that will be used in its building. The foundation of a life should be laid deep and broad, and its great purpose should always be clearly in mind. The making of money should be a matter of secondary importance, but one should not hesitate to make money, provided that the nobler purpose of life is not given a subordinate position. Service and usefulness should be kept in mind when one builds his plan for a life, and truth should be the strongest timber in the structure.

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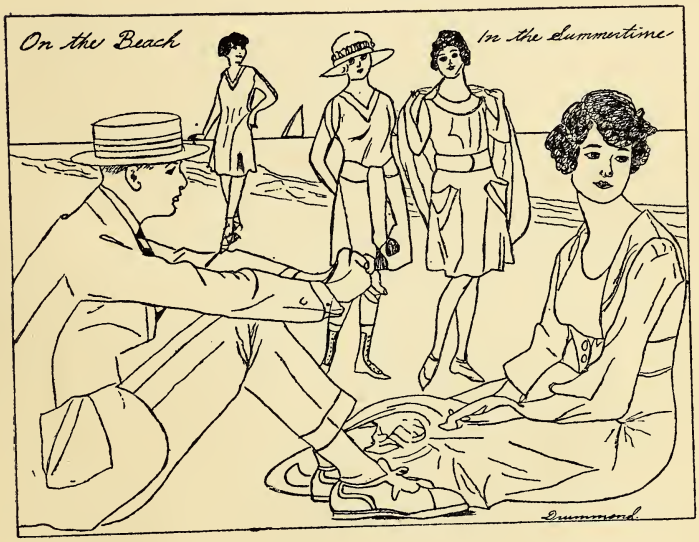

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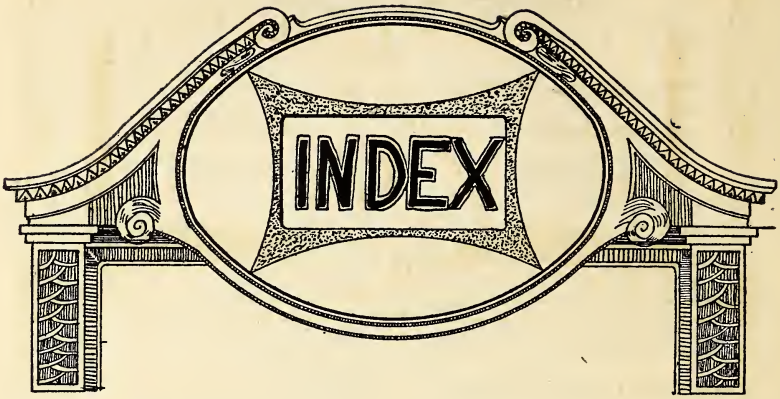

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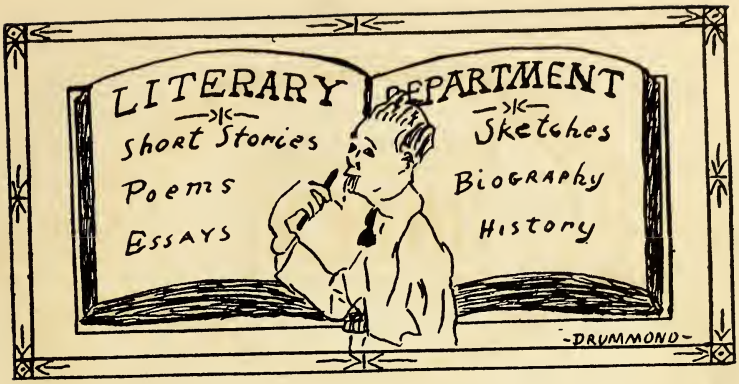

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THE ROAD

(Written by G. D. Sanders, '18, Somewhere in France.)

Come with me down the age-old path,
Dear little girl with the April smile;
For it winds afar under shady boughs,
And sweet swamp places mark each mile.

Underneath is the springy grass,
And close by the road a bird's low song;
Oh, come, Dear Heart, for the way is far,
But lovelier far than the miles are long.

There is time to stop and gather a rose,
Or sit for an hour by a rippling fall;
There is time to see where the poppies live
In their hidden homes by a gray old wall.

And I would go by your side, Dear One,
Till the summer turns to the autumn's gold;
Till the winds beat down from the frozen north,
And the nights are long and the year is old.

Then we would watch the close of day
From a tiny house where the long road ends;
And glory at last that we came the way
Where Love and You and I were friends.

COMPANY "U" YARNS

II. Among the Missing

ACROSS Lake Champlain the rising sun was painting with purple and gold the hazy Green Mountains of Vermont. Every ripple of the now placid lake glittered and sparkled like diamonds. Nature was doing her best on that morning of September 4, 1918, to make it seem good to be alive. The pleasing odor of freshly mown clover hay greeted one's nostrils, and on all sides the landscape was blotched with white squares of the blossoming buckwheat fields. Trees loaded to breaking with rapidly reddening apples added a touch of color to the scene, and from a distant pasture came the musical tinkle of a cow bell.

But a disturbing element entered the scene of simple pastoral beauty. The steady, rhythmic tramp of hundreds of armed men broke the early morning stillness as they swung down the old Lake Shore Road in a long khaki column. The candidate officers of Plattsburg Training Corps were on a hike; or, more properly speaking, the First Regiment had been sent out to capture an important railway center at Chategeauy Junction.

The last strap had been adjusted, the last fleck of dust had been wiped from the glistening bores of our rifles and now, under full field equipment, Company "U" was leading as the advance guard for our outfit. Though the task ahead was a hard one and the packs were heavy, the exuberance of our spirits showed itself in the snap of our marching songs. We were far from hostile territory, and the crude refrain echoed from the distant woods:

"Good morning, Company U—U—U;
But, gee, you're looking fine.
Good morning, Company U—U—U;
You're leading all the, leading all the line."

As we settled to the steady swing of a long march, the members of our squad, the redoubtable Eighteenth, noted for its

smallness of stature and its efficient but unpopular corporal, joked about the weight of their packs and made bets as to who would be the first man in the company to join the "Hospital Corps," as we facetiously called the ambulance for any who had to fall out.

Being number two in the front rank, I was next to the corporal, Max Heinrich, with my pal, "Shorty" Wall, on my left. Corporal Heinrich, as his name indicates, was of German extraction. His father and mother were both Bavarians. He was not a blonde of the North German type, but had black eyes and hair, with an expressive, mobile countenance. Small, but of wiry build, Heinrich had wonderful endurance and made a good soldier. He was, however, unpopular with the men of the company. Owing to his German name and parentage, he was the object of countless jokes and was bantered constantly about "Der Vaterland." Being of a proud, impetuous disposition, although intensely loyal, he resented the slurs at him and made biting retorts to his tormentors. The members of his squad, however, liked their corporal and sympathized with him. Heinrich seemed to look on me especially as a friend. I learned that he had been engaged to a girl in Washington when war was declared. Finding that his friends were deserting him, and that even she doubted the sincerity of his professed loyalty, he had left his college course to join the army and prove his willingness to serve his country. I afterwards learned that the girl's name was Mildred Mason, and that her father was a Congressman from a Southern State. Several times I had seen my corporal furtively looking at a girl's picture which he always carried in his shirt pocket, and he read and re-read the few letters he received from her. Too proud to mingle with the men, who he realized distrusted him, he kept away from the others in lonely aloofness when off duty.

But on the morning of the hike even Heinrich seemed to have lost a great part of his usual proud reserve, and laughed and talked with the rest of us.

"Here's hoping gold bars will be in sight in another couple of weeks. I believe, too, leather puttees will be becoming to

my style of beauty," remarked "Shorty" Wall, as we halted for a short rest at the end of the first hour's march.

"Yes, I hope so, too," Heinrich answered. "In fact, the top sergeant told me that my rating in the orderly room was extremely good, and that if I did nothing to mar my record I had my bars cinched."

"It's remarkable how the girls fall for the lieutenants," the philosophic "Shorty" informed us. "I've lost three in the last month to second lieuts."

A shadow crossed Heinrich's face, and he replied, "Oh, they're all that way."

The sharp command, "Fall in!" interrupted the trend of our thoughts, and we were on the march again.

After hiking until about 2:30 in the afternoon at route step, orders were received to make a forced march without a sound, as we were in hostile territory, until we reached a certain farm, where we were to camp for the night. With only the muffled tramp of the men in the soft, gray dust of a country byroad, we toiled under the weight of pack and rifle through the warm September afternoon with all of the grim determination of actual conflict. Not a man dropped out from fatigue, for this was an endurance test and the officers were closely observing the men. Twice Lieutenant Stein, who seemed to have formed a dislike for Corporal Heinrich, bawled him out in an undertone for allowing some imagined noise in his squad.

We reached our camp site late in the afternoon, and pitched camp without an attack from the enemy. Our camp was located at the foot of a small, pine-covered knob, isolated from the rest of the Adirondacks. After mess, we were ordered to stay in the vicinity of our company and be ready to fall out at a moment's notice.

Sitting in front of his shelter tent as the shadows of twilight deepened into darkness, with the stillness broken only by the sharp challenge of a sentry or the swish of a bat's wings close at hand, Heinrich seemed inexpressibly lonely and gloomy. I knew that the reprimand of Lieutenant Stein had hurt his pride, and probably accounted for his moodiness.

"Stein seems to have his eye on this squad every time we make a move," "Shorty" bluntly commented.

"Yes, just when everything depends on this hike, too," the corporal answered.

As soon as "Shorty" had moved out of hearing, Heinrich turned to me and said:

"My whole career depends on whether I get my commission here. I can't go back into civilian life without being called a slacker."

"Oh, well, if we don't get to wear gold bars, we will be non-coms, and that beats being a private," I suggested cheerfully.

"Humph! Some honor to be a sergeant," he sneered. "And then, there is a girl in my case. I am engaged to be married to the prettiest girl in the world—when I get a commission in the United States army."

Just at that moment the command was given to fall in under arms at once. We were told that a strong detachment of the enemy had been located in a wood about two miles north of camp, and that we were to make a surprise attack on them that night. Our platoon was sent ahead for reconnaissance, and Heinrich was given four men from our squad and sent out as a "point" for the advance party. We hurried across fields and through swamps as noiselessly as possible, keeping a sharp lookout for enemy outposts. In a small ravine I noticed the glow of a carelessly lighted cigarette and, on closer investigation, discovered a platoon of the enemy halting apparently for a short rest. The corporal sent Wall back with the information, and we were preparing to beat a retreat when we ran into an outpost. A body of men closing in on our rear made retreat impossible, and we were forced to surrender. We were taken before the officers and questioned in approved military style. As soon as the maneuvers for the night were over, bugles sounded recall, and the prisoners were allowed to return to their respective units. However, the incident was not closed for at least one of our party.

The next morning we were on the move again, conducting a running fight with our slowly retreating foes. This time our battalion was in reserve and had frequent halts, with nothing to do but listen to the crackle of the rifles on the firing line far ahead.

Of course, the Eighteenth Squad was the object of the entire company's jokes about our capture of the night before, and at one of the frequent halts Corporal Delapenha, of the Seventeenth Squad, commented significantly: "Look who's corporal of that bunch."

All of them laughed, and Tailor, a husky Irish sergeant from Boston, added:

"Sure, you couldn't expect much more from a Heinie, though."

Heinrich bit his lips, but for a wonder made no reply.

"You'll take your platoon over to Fritz in fine style when you get to France as a platoon commander," continued Tailor relentlessly. "I believe all you Dutchmen have cold feet, anyway."

This was too much for my corporal.

"We've got it on you Irish slackers, anyway. The Germans are as brave as any of you, and as any American, for that matter."

He little realized his words or the full import of what he had said. Overcome with anger at their jeers, he continued to answer to the taunts at his parents' nationality until we were ordered ahead to relieve a weak point.

The maneuvers continued all day. We captured the supply train, which had been our objective, and returned to camp as hot, tired and dusty a bunch of lads as ever sang "The Last Long Mile." The incident of the morning was forgotten by most of us, who little dreamed what would finally result from it.

The following Sunday, I ran across Heinrich seated on a log down on the shore of the lake. He was looking as forlorn and dejected as only a lonely soldier can in such surroundings.

"What's the trouble, corporal?" I asked.

"Why, nothing," he said. "It's simply all up with me, that's all. I was called up to Headquarters yesterday. They found out about those accursed fool remarks of mine and gave me a reprimand for my 'disloyal utterances.' Suppose they will discharge me next. How is a man to prove what's in him? All because my parents were born outside of the United States. I wouldn't mind if they would give me a chance to prove my worth, but as it is I am done for."

On September the 15th, an official list of those men in our company to be commissioned was posted on the bulletin board. Heinrich's name was the only non-com in the company missing from the list. Only about one-fourth of the men in our company received commissions, but we had the consolation that after our discharge we were to be re-enlisted as non-coms and sent to our respective colleges as instructors. Later we no doubt would be commissioned. But no man had worked harder than Heinrich, and no one had reason to be more bitterly disappointed than he.

Every one—it seemed—was in the best of spirits on the morning of September the 17th. We were about to entrain for New York City, where we would disperse to leave for all parts of the United States. The newly made lieutenants, resplendent in their new uniforms, the rest of us in the faded khaki of a summer's service, were all happy over the prospect of going home. In a few short days we would once more be cogs in the gigantic machine which was helping to push Kultur back towards the Rhine, but now we were tremendously elated over our short freedom. But there was one in that body of men to whom life looked as dark as the realm of Pluto.

Skirting the shores of Lake Champlain, through the beautiful Adirondacks and past spots made famous by the exploits of Hawkeye and Chingachook, our train sped. Few of us, however, were thinking of this American Switzerland through which we were passing, but our thoughts were of home and perhaps of some brown-eyed "ideal" whom we were soon to see.

At Troy, many of us took the night boat for New York.

Walking on the upper deck that night, I found Heinrich leaning against the rail, gazing into the swirling black water below. He looked years older, and seemed to have absolutely lost his nerve.

"Hello, corporal! You look like you have lost your last friend. Don't let a little thing like a commission bother you." I tried the best I could to cheer him up, but it was useless. Finally he said:

"It's no use for me to go back to college in Washington. I'll be looked upon as a slacker if I am not in the service, and that service is barred to me. I did not receive even a recommendation as a non-com. The personnel officer told me that I could enlist, but would probably be given some non-combatant assignment in the United States because of my open 'disloyal utterances.' It's hell! I can't stand the disgrace of having 'proved a failure.'" He said this with peculiar emphasis on the last three words. I could do or say nothing to help matters, so, with a "Good night. See you in the morning," I turned in for the night.

A drizzling rain whipped me in the face when I walked out on deck the next morning. The river was wrapped in fog as we entered the greatest harbor of the world, and only the shrieks of the tug whistles seemed to cut the gloom. A cry from the lower deck attracted my attention, and, rushing to the rail, I saw to my horror my former corporal, beyond reach of possible rescue, sinking for the last time. A battered hat, around which the faded red, white and blue hat cord still clung, bobbing there on the seething water in our wake was all that remained to remind us that Max Heinrich had once existed.

The stately palisades looked down unmoved, the tugs continued their shrieks, a launch hovered over the spot a few minutes, a few curious persons asked questions, and the world moved on. Only an infinitesimal cog had slipped in the great machine.

In the stateroom of Max Heinrich I found two letters, one addressed to his father and one to Miss Mildred Mason, Wash-

ington, D. C. On the floor was a crumpled note on which was written: "You have proved yourself a failure and have proved your disloyalty, long suspected by many. I have considered you a stranger since the receipt of your last communication. Mildred Mason." L. B. W., '21.

PEACE AND WAR

On the shore of "Old Kentucky,"
In the winding river valley,
Stands a cot of rustic beauty
In a grove.
Near the cot the brimming river
Flows a crystal stream forever,
While the proud cliffs, tall, majestic,
Tower above.

Waving bluegrass, like a carpet,
Spreads in beauty near and distant,
While the daisies by the thousands
Add their smile.
On the cliffs the wild flowers blooming,
'Mong the flowers the bees a-humming,
Make the wanderer feel like stopping
To sleep a while.

Many times, when Luna's silver
Pierced the bosom of the river,
And the dark cliffs seemed to whisper
From above,
We would leave the grove and cottage,
Just myself and bonnie Nellie,
Sit on the shore and plight each other
Eternal love.

Now far away is bonnie Nellie,
No more I hear the cliffs' sweet music,
Nor feel the lapping of "Old Kentucky"
About my feet.
Into the dugout, jesting, joking,
The soldiers gather, merrily talking,
On picket's post, a sentinel walking
A dangerous beat.

The flash of cannon against the sky,
The shriek of shells that whistle by,
Tongues of hell and Death's cold cry
Haunt our dreams.
It's not the fight and human gore
That our young hearts love and adore,
But in God and right a life much more
Than "what it seems."

The day is o'er, the battle's ended;
Our blood was given, the cause defended;
By spirits of love, our hearts attended,
Across the foam.
Back to the rills of California;
Back to the hills of Carolina;
Back to the cliffs of "Old Kentucky,"
Nell, and home.

R. C. G., '21.

THE ETERNALITY OF LAW

ENNYSON in immortal and prophetic lines voices his belief that there is an eternal and fixed natural law that governs the universe; that every action or function of man or beast is but the expression of some established, unchangeable principle; that this law asserts itself in the actions of men and thus expresses itself in the lives of nations. "For," says he, "I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs, and the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns." Analyzing the application of this statement, we immediately conclude that he is right. For, indeed, we observe the adherence to an eternal law in the changing seasons—the bursting bud in the coming spring and the fading leaf of approaching autumn, the heavenly bodies as they move in their fixed orbits, and even man obeying his natural instincts—all with the precision and never-failing exactness of Time itself. In whatever way it may affect the lives and actions of men, to what extent its application may reach, or whatever its results may be, this infallible law which governs the universe may be interpreted as Truth; for in all its workings it symbolizes and embodies truth, and because of its never-failing exactness, we may conclude that it is Truth. But the poet goes farther. He defines it as a form of freedom which step by step asserts its power and rises to greatness—that freedom which is gained only by obedience to the moral law, which allows man his natural and normal growth, and in whatever way the operation of this law may accelerate or retard the progress of man, the results are inevitably the same—

"For nothing is that errs from law."

Indeed, the dignity of all law appears when we view its eternality. Even God is a law unto Himself, and always will be; for He cannot act inconsistently with Himself. A universe without law is inconceivable. A restraining influence is essential to growth, to security, to character. Without the restraint

of law, the ownership of property would cease and men would contend for their share as the wolves divide their prey; without the limit of law, the trees might grow and reach above the sky; without the restraint of law, the ambition of man within his present environment would never cease until he possessed the earth; without the limit of law, the sun and the stars would clash and melt and roll to chaos in a maddened mass. The law that makes us, keeps us, rules us, gives us scope for effort and reward is the better law for every one. It leaves man within its limits to work out mighty plans and accomplish great results.

The eternality of law is evident in the scientific world, for as the eminent Dr. Jas. H. Carlisle once exclaimed, "What is all philosophy of science but a synopsis of the laws of nature!" Science never had a bolder wing or a keener eye than now. The astronomer of today sees worlds where the astronomer of yesterday saw only a thin vapor floating on the remotest edge of the night. But never yet has the telescope brought tidings of one lawless world. The chemist can put matter of almost any form into his crucible and divide it until the particles vanish and escape detection, but never yet has his microscope fallen on one lawless atom. It is so in nature. Every seed in the tangle of the forest produces its like. There is, in all the collisions of tendencies in that marvel of intricate forces, with power striking upon power, no jostling of a predetermined plan off its grooves. There is no shrub so lowly, no animal so lordly, as to be free from this eternal law of Truth.

Since the eternality of all law is Truth, what must be the conclusions from this doctrine? Disobedience inevitably results in disaster. There has been no departure from this fact since the career of man opened. God has expressed Himself thus for these countless ages. From the beginning He has uttered but one voice. As the poet says: "Cursed be the sickly forms that err from nature's honest rule." The dwarf is always born of disloyalty to law.

This fact is evident in history. As with the individual, so it is with the nation. Some one has said that by an inscrutable

chain of cause and effect Providence punishes national sins by national calamities. The pathway of the race is strewn with the wrecks of the past, and in every case the cause of disaster was the failure or refusal to obey law. There have been republics and monarchies in the past which have grown strong and powerful, and yet, one after another, they have gone down on the rocks of disaster. Thebes and Alexandria are but fossils on the Nile. Athens, with her magnificent temples, has crumbled into dust, and the wild beasts haunt her halls of art and gardens of pleasure. Rome, with her prowess, is but a relic of the past. Russia, once a vast empire, is today in the throes of anarchy.

And what is the explanation? They contended that nations were above the moral law. They attempted to substitute false doctrine for the everlasting Truth. They denied to the citizen the eternal right of living within the limits of the moral law—that law which must sooner or later express itself in the affairs of men. They forgot that Justice never sleeps—that she is omniscient and, striking with infinite certainty, never once misses her mark, whether it be a nation or an individual—a king or a pariah. They forgot that nations are not soulless corporations and that the sinning soul must die; that there are no clocks in the Divine economy, and that time, as man computes it, is not the essence of moral contracts, and that punishment must follow disobedience of moral and therefore eternal truths.

Alexander the Great, after he had conquered the known world, sat down and wept for other words to conquer; but he could not endure because he disregarded this infallible principle and contended that he was responsible to no one except self for his deeds. It took the mighty Roman Empire four hundred years to die, but now "Imperious Caesar might stop a hole to keep the wind away." The meteoric rise of Napoleon, with all the dazzling brilliancy of his mighty conquests, ended in ruin and disaster, simply because that monster of blood pursued the same policy and practiced the same theory that might makes right, not realizing that this might merely

makes brutes of men and destroys the inherent rights of the individual.

The past fed upon physical power and the theory that might makes right, and each potentate, when gorged with this food, became in turn a feast for his successor, who was always ready and waiting to devour him. Thus, however well these centuries built, there was little power in them to preserve what they had achieved.

As we look out upon the world today, it is as though we looked across a wild and heaving sea of storm. The landmarks that yesterday stood serene today are engulfed by the tempest. Prussia, yesterday the land of Draconian order, today is a seething maelstrom of rebellion. The dual monarchy has collapsed like a house of cards. The vast empire of Russia has crashed into chaos. On the other hand, as we look out across that vast tumult, there is one rock that stands amidst the tempest, serene, inviolate and unmoved—that rock is Britain. That "tight little isle" of a thousand years and a thousand memories, representing the strongest and most liberal empire that the world has ever seen, stands at the summit of her history, crowned by victory in the greatest struggle of mankind. She has survived from this war and from all her age-long struggle, not by chance, but by the *power of law.* Beyond the valor of her soldiers, the vigilance of her sailors, the sagacity of her statesmen, England depends upon the power of law for her defense. Germany, crying out, "Necessity knows no law," is swept into ruin; while England, standing by that law, remains. "Horses cannot run upon crags, nor can one plow the sea with oxen"; no more can men sin against the fundamental laws of the universe and expect peace and strength.

Today the soundness of this great law is being tested. Today is the judgment day of nations. Soon to be arraigned before the bar of justice is that arch criminal whose deeds have staggered civilization. An exile and an outcast, he stands condemned before the eyes of the world. He, too, contended that nations were above the moral law, shouting in his blind egotism, "Those men who have gone before me have failed,

but my mailed fist shall succeed." He violated that law eternal as Truth itself, and by an inevitable chain of cause and effect he must suffer the fate of his predecessors. History, which weighs guilt and innocence in its iron scales, will honor Truth, and in letters of flame will write the verdict of international condemnation against Germany—the inevitable punishment of any nation that disregards the moral law. Manifold as have been the material losses, it may be that they will prove less disastrous than the spiritual losses, which are doubly disastrous, in that they are both external and internal. Civilization itself has drawn an indictment against the German people—an indictment which will stand because the Germans themselves have supplied the exhibits that justify it. What Germany will have to outlive before she can regain the confidence of the world is a sentiment far stronger than dislike and distrust. Perhaps it may be characterized mildly as a shrinking abhorrence and a personal repulsion. She is regarded as an outcast and an outlaw, a beggar in the streets, who has earned the enmity of civilization, and she must pay the price.

Prominent Germans have declared, with much bravado, that they do not care what is the verdict of the world, that Germany will live it down and make her own history. But Germany cannot fail to care very profoundly what the sentence of the world against her may be. Even as the sentence, "Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting," stands eternally against Babylon, so will the sentence of the civilized world that the Huns deliberately planned to destroy civilization remain against Germany until the end of time.

Has man learned the lesson taught by the great war—that there can be no true freedom when the law of Righteousness is abolished? Freedom has come to him slowly, step by step, from her mountain heights. Will he, forgetful that she is the handmaid of Truth and Justice, drive her back? It may be, for not in a day, not without tremendous effort, can the old ideas of greed and might be torn from his nature. But the promise of a new day is bright. Never before has man so sympathized with his brother in need. Never before has he

so regarded himself as his brother's keeper. The signs are many, too, that the hearts of nations have been touched. Even at this very moment, wise leaders of many peoples are sitting in open assembly planning a glorious future, in which the rights of the individual and the nation, no matter how insignificant, will be held sacred—a future in which there shall be no more homes broken and saddened because of the vacant chair at the fireside, for then

"The common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber lapped in universal law."

A. STOKES KING, '20.

NATURE'S TASK

Oh, come with me and let us go
Away from toil and books,
To where there is no gaudy show
Or artificial looks.

To her whose task has ever been,
Since God to dust gave life,
To teach this mortal man that sin
Is flesh and soul at strife.

To teach him that the laws of God
Are perfect, clean and pure;
And these, tho' man returns to sod,
Forever will endure.

To teach him that for every law
Which he in sin doth break,
He must for this, in reverent awe,
Some answer to Him make.

To teach him in a thousand ways—
By bird and flower and bee,
By spring and brook and spreading bays—
The laws of purity.

To teach the laws which every one—
Altho' by man called wise—
Must learn before he knows the sun
Or reads the wondrous skies.

The laws which cause a million tints
To mingle with the blue,
Which there the hand of God imprints
In every glorious hue.

The laws by which each mystic world
That seems to man unknown
Is through the pathless ether whirled
And circles 'round God's throne.

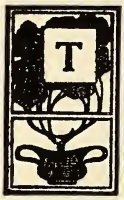
For matters not how wise a man
May think himself to be,
This wisdom all from Her began
And grows as man can see.

And 'twas not with a sudden bound
This wisdom came in reach,
But this, in ages rolling 'round,
Was Nature's task to teach.

Then, come with me and let us seek
Some cool, refreshing bower,
And there from Nature's breast so meek
Imbibe her wondrous power.

J. C. I., '19.

THE GROWTH OF AN IDEAL



HE HISTORY of the world through all the ages past has been a story of the wars of the individual nations. The advancement in literature and science have been only slightly recorded in history. Therefore, we draw the conclusion that to know the story of a nation's wars is to know the development of that nation towards the ideals of liberty and justice. There was a time in history when the conflict between people, and even nations, was a struggle between Church and State. In more recent years, however, conflicts have been the result of two principles—democracy and autocracy. The latter principle suggests to us a government ruled by a single despot. The basis of this form of government is that might makes right; that the physically strong shall be the victor; and that the desires of a man or of a nation shall be gratified by force. The former principle suggests a true ideal of a government for every citizen, from the most humble peasant to the noblest lord. In a democracy, the individual life, molded into the highest type of nationalism, is the governing force. There is in it a chance for the development of every man.

The history of the world is filled with instances of the struggle between these forces. The development of modern nations in the ideals of freedom and democracy is an index to the progress of the world. Going back as far as 490 B. C. to the struggle between Athens and Persia, we have an illustration of these principles in a death grapple with each other. The Persian king himself was the very embodiment of autocracy. He was at the head, however, of a strong, well-organized army which numbered about 120,000 men. With this army, he sailed toward the Grecian shores. At Marathon a great battle was fought. The Athenians, with a little army numbering only about 10,000, lined their men up in battle array against this vast host of Persians. The struggle was not to determine which of these armies was the stronger, but the fate of Greece and the future of Europe depended on the outcome of the conflict. This battle is spoken of in history as one of the

"decisive battles of the world." The first day's battle was not enough; the Persians were not absolutely defeated. Yet, on the second day, the Persian despot, realizing that his huge army was facing the same little army that had but yesterday driven his men from the plains of Marathon, withdrew from the attack and returned home. This decided that freedom and democracy should control the affairs of a nation and mold its ideals and institutions of the future.

Another important step in the history of warfare is illustrated by the struggle between the Persians and the little Spartan army. This was the battle of Thermopylae. Never has any nation displayed more bravery, more heroism, a more courageous and unselfish sacrifice than the little army of Spartans fighting for their rights and for the protection of their country. They never retreated and were never defeated until the last man was slain. There was a spirit ingrained in every man that death was more valuable than life itself that braced these men in the face of the foe when their rights were imperiled. Such a spirit is characteristic only of the purest democracy. It was such a spirit that shattered into fragments one of the best equipped and most efficient military machines that any autocracy has ever formed.

The story of Rome shows that when she rose to be an important power; in the then known world she was a democratic republic. For many centuries the Roman legions were never defeated. During this period a fine spirit of democracy prevailed. But suddenly that spirit was crushed by autocracy and the soldiers were no longer inspired by such a degree of individual patriotism. It was after such a decided transformation within the republic that the Huns and Goths came upon Rome, and she could not strike back. Even though she was still a well-organized nation, her spirit and morale was broken and the great empire was trodden in the dust and lost in political darkness.

Turning our attention to more recent history, we find that the same comparison is true. Perhaps the greatest efficiency ever attained in the art of making war up to the present world

war was that of the French Revolution. It was in the year of 1789 that this little bankrupt and class-ridden nation threw off the yoke of autocracy. For a short period this little nation was thought of as one of the purest democracies of the world. The stories of her wars, as she drove back the invading armies of Europe, through this period are marvelous and thrilling even to this day. The democratic French people were possessed only with the ideals of liberty and justice.

In turning our vision to our mother country, we see England as the most democratic country in the world, with the exception of the United States. It is true that a number of times her enemies have been better prepared, but when in all her battles have her autocratic enemies been more efficient in waging war and when has she gone down in final defeat?

Nothing more strikingly illustrates the inefficiency of autocracy than the war between Spain and England in 1588. At that time the autocratic power of Spain was outstanding. The "Invincible Armada" sailed to the English Channel for the purpose of destroying England's small sea power. The little British fleet, filled with patriotism, met and destroyed the well-organized forces of Spain.

Following 1588, England had a long struggle with France. During that period Louis XIV tried to do for Europe what William II has just attempted. His dream was of an empire of the entire world with himself at its head. But as we have seen William II fail, just so did the aspirations of Louis XIV sink in disaster. Between 1690 and 1763, these two countries were in a series of wars in which democracy was in a death struggle with her foes. The battle of Blenheim in August, 1714, the turning point, came in England's favor. The conflict was finally settled by the peace of Utrecht, by which England gained both America and India. This completed the downfall of Louis XIV, who died in 1715, after having outlived the glories of his age.

In the first of the nineteenth century the great military genius, Napoleon, arose to disturb the peace of Europe. There had been built up in France a spirit of democracy at which the

world could but marvel. With his power he crowned and uncrowned kings at his will. Yet the world was forced to stand aside breathless and in awe and view this scene. But Napoleon himself suppressed and destroyed the power of the nations. His despotism was destructive to the initiative of his men, and it crushed their democratic spirit. Thus their patriotism was no more of the highest type. And again autocratic France was defeated. At Waterloo the Duke of Wellington led the English democracy to a decisive victory and the great leader, Napoleon, was sent into exile.

Democracy, however, does not mean alone the election of officials by popular vote; but, in contrast, it is a state where special privileges have been eliminated and every man has the same chance of development and advancement that any other man of his state has. By recalling an instance in history, we remember that "the necessity of preparing against foreign aggression" was the single force that prevented the remnants of the German Liberalism of 1848 from gaining new life and becoming a democratic people. When Emperor Frederick III died in 1888, the last hope of the survival of this ideal was gone. If he had lived, however, there would possibly be today, instead of a world wrecked and ruined, a world united and working in one direction towards a greater civilization.

But 1914 brought to our vision a world war, in which the forces of autocracy and democracy were again in a death grapple. For a time the forces of autocracy were victorious; but, as in all previous history, their spirit was broken and they fell before the forces of democracy. It was our own United States that so strikingly illustrated the power of a true democracy. She did not force herself into the conflict; she has never boasted of her organization or efficiency; yet she has never feared to measure swords with any nation in the world. She has fully justified the words of Archbishop Ireland when he said, "Now and then, here and there, liberty had for a moment caressed humanity's brow. But not until the Republic of the West was born, not until the Star-Spangled Banner rose toward the skies, was liberty caught up in humanity's embrace

and embodied in a great and abiding nation."

On the 11th day of November of last year, the last great struggle between these forces was ended. The power of these united democracies again was the conqueror over the aggressive autocracy, and the firing ceased after the most horrible uproar in the history of the world. With the victory on the battlefield, the final step towards this ideal is now being made. The League of Nations is the answer to the final call of the world. Its covenant has been prepared and amended, and today the world is realizing that only through such a League to enforce peace is the safety of any nation sure. A world organization must be made, so that never again may any nation commit such atrocities upon little, helpless nations as that of Germany on Belgium and Servia. May we never again see one man so nearly turn the world into turmoil and strife; but, in contrast, may we have all the nations of the world united in a world brotherhood. With such a noble purpose before the people of the world, the League of Nations will find its realization and democracy will be world-wide. Of a truth then we can say that "government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

G. L. F., '19.

"TO THE HILLS"

Away to the mountains I would flee,
Escape the vain world's dazzling light,
To think in the silence of the hills,
To walk beneath the stars at night.

To stand upon some lofty crag,
Survey the thrilling scene below,
And in its wondrous beauty see
The Great Eternal Spirit glow.

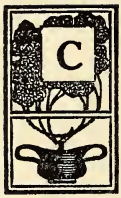
To hear some sweet-voiced wood thrush sing,
The tinkle of a waterfall,
The sighing of the windswept pines,
The wild beasts' hideous, wailing call.

A haunt above the dark'ning clouds
That shadow life's short earthly days;
An eagle's eyrie there I'd seek,
Enjoy till death the sun's bright rays.

And far above all worldly cares,
Free from passion, sorrow, woe,
To learn the lesson of the Hills,
How they their Maker's greatness show.

17-23-4.

ONE FLEETING HOUR



HRISTMAS, with its festivities and deeper meaning, had come and gone, and with this glad season there had come a new force and current into the life of Thomas Marshall. As he was an orphan, he had gone to spend the holidays with his mother's only brother at Asheville, and there he had met Mary Townsend, a senior at Vassar, who was at home for the Christmas vacation. Their meeting was one of those rare cases of love at first sight, and during the days that followed before time for them to return to their respective colleges it soon became evident that their love was not a trivial matter, to be ended by the completion of the short vacation. Although Mary was a leader of her set and one of the most popular young ladies of the city, she seemed to have time and thought to give to no one except Thomas Marshall, and throughout all the parties and various entertainments of the season he was her continuous companion and the center of envy of all the young men of the city. At first, Thomas had not realized that the cause of his deep interest in this charming young woman was more than a matter of friendship, and when he came to realize it, he began to realize how hopeless his chances of winning her seemed; for Mary was the only daughter of her wealthy parents, and even if he could succeed in winning her love, it seemed almost hopeless for a poor young law student to hope of obtaining the consent and approval of her parents. And then the question also arose in his mind as to whether it would be fair to her to ask her to give up all her accustomed luxuries to become the wife of a struggling young lawyer. The small amount that his father had left him would barely pay his expenses of the remaining part of his last year at the law school; and, although his uncle had offered to give him a home and to take him into partnership with him, it would be several years before he could hope to rise high enough in his profession to think of marrying. So he tried to forget that he loved Mary and threw himself into the festivities with greater zest, and tried to avoid being alone

with Mary for fear that he would not be able to carry out his intentions of not declaring his love for her.

The time for return to college was fast approaching, and on the last night the end of the season was to be celebrated by a ball at Grove Park Inn. Naturally, Thomas and Mary were partners, as the other young men had come to realize that it was hopeless for them to try to obtain the coveted privilege of accompanying her to any affair while Marshall was still in town, and therefore all recognized the fact that it was useless to ask her for the privilege of taking her to the ball. The night was far advanced when they found themselves once more together, seated in a corner near one of the huge open fire-places, in which a roaring and crackling fire of hickory logs was fiercely burning. For several moments neither of them spoke, for both were thinking of the separation that must inevitably come on the next day. The lovely picture that the girl's face made in the reflection from the fire filled Thomas' heart with an indescribable feeling of yearning and regret; for he realized that he must soon say good-bye to her, and that the pleasant relationship could never exist between them again, since he could not think of being so constantly with her and keep his determination of not speaking of his love. Finally the silence was broken, when Mary suggested a short walk out on the great porch in order to get away from the noise of the music and the chatter of the many voices and also to get a breath of the invigorating mountain air. Thomas readily agreed to the proposal, although his resolution flashed through his mind, and he knew that it would be all the more difficult to keep to his determination.

The scene that greeted their eyes was one so lovely that it caused them both to utter an exclamation of pleasure and wonder, although they were accustomed to the majestic beauty of the mountains in the winter, when covered with snow. All the day before a heavy snow had fallen, and the storm had stopped only a short time before the hour for the ball to begin. And now all the surroundings mountains were covered with a thick blanket of snow, and in the light of the setting moon the

view was one of matchless beauty. Below them lay the golf links and the plain extending for some distance in the direction of the city, now a vast stretch of dazzling whiteness, broken only by the trees, which appeared to be tall, white sentinels standing in silent vigil over the unbroken plain around them, and on all sides the mountain towered, lending an atmosphere of silent majesty to the wonderful scene. Each of them had thrown on their coats, and they stood for several minutes at the end of the porch, silent with wonder caused by the beauty of the scene. Finally, with a sigh, Mary remarked that she hated to think that such a perfect time as they had been having must come to a close, and that she knew college life was going to be very dull and monotonous after such a wonderful vacation.

Unconsciously Thomas drew nearer to her, as he said in a low tone: "Mary, I wish I could tell you what this Christmas has meant to me. Being with you has meant so much, and I hate to think of the years to come when I must be alone."

The look in her eyes as she raised her head to look up at his face made him feel that his statement was an impossibility, and he realized that life would be impossible without her. And in answer to the startled, questioning look in their depths, he drew her into his arms and whispered those words that are as old as creation, but which seemed to the lovers hearing them for the first time as new as the freshly fallen snow about them. And in return she gave him the reply nearly as old as the words he had spoken, and in the light of the moon that had witnessed so many similar scenes they pledged each other eternal love. The moments slipped by, but they were unconscious of the cold, and talked only of the wonder and beauty of their love. Finally Thomas timidly asked Mary what her parents' attitude would be, and told her of his fears. The look she gave him was almost a rebuke, and she proudly told him that her happiness would be her parents' only thought, and that since her happiness was dependent on the realization of her fondest dreams of her love, any fear on his part was entirely unnecessary. And in answer to his objection that he

could not ask her to share his humble lot, she smilingly informed him that she knew that he would soon be famous, and that even if he should never be, she would be happier with him in a modest cottage than she would be in the most wonderful mansion in the city without him. And so they talked on into the night of their future while the others were enjoying the gaiety of the ballroom, until at last they realized that they must return before their absence would be noticed, as it would soon be time to return home. Mary told him that she would tell her parents, and that next summer he could ask for her, after they had finished college and had made their plans for the future. When they re-entered the ballroom, all present suspected what had happened, for their absence had been noticed and remarked upon; but they were entirely unconscious of the significant glances that were cast towards them and little realized that others were about them. And so the night passed, and with the morning came a few hours of wonderful solitude together, and then that separation which seemed to take all the wonder and beauty out of life for the first few lonesome hours. But soon the joy of love filled their minds, and they began to live for the time when they would be together to separate no more.

And as the months passed, their love grew and ripened into that union of heart and soul which made both realize that they were alone essential to the happiness of each other. Spring came with its budding trees and flowers, and the woods were again filled with the flashes of color made by the returning birds, who were busily engaged in building their summer home, where they could rear their young and live until the cold of winter would again send them to the southern tropics. And never had a spring time meant as much to Mary or to Thomas. A brief week-end together had meant much, and in that time they had planned for the future—such a future as only lovers can plan and dream of before the sordid reality of life has had an opportunity to mar their ideals and fill their souls with disillusionment. But in the midst of this happiness a cloud appeared on the horizon, which, although small at first, gradu-

ally grew and sent an ominous chill into their hearts. On April the seventh, the United States had declared war on the Imperial German Government, and soon the first call was sounded for volunteers. Gradually the full import of the situation dawned upon Thomas Marshall, and with that realization came the conviction that his country was needing his services. For a while he tried to put his mind on his college work, but the issue could not be put aside any longer than commencement, and he was among the first to apply for admission to the Officers' Training Camp at Oglethorpe, and three months later he came out with his commission as first lieutenant, with a few days' leave of absence before reporting to camp, from where he knew he would be sent to a port of embarkation.

Of course, all the time of that brief leave was spent in Asheville with Mary, for now she was his one thought and the center of all his hopes and ambitions, since he knew he must soon leave her, perhaps to return no more. Their first impulse was to get married immediately, but as they talked all phases of the question over, they finally reached the conclusion that it would be best to wait until after the war, when Thomas would return—perhaps. It was the dread probability of his not returning that filled Mary's heart with dread and made it hard for her to realize that their decision was the best, and that in either event she would be happier than if they followed the blind course of impulse. And so the time passed as if on wings, and at last the time came when they must say farewell—perhaps for the last time.

They went for the day up on Sunset Mountain, where they could be alone and could spend those last few sacred hours apart from others. The day was an ideal autumn day, and the mountains were wonderful in the glory of many colored trees, under which the galax leaves were beginning to turn crimson and russet, and where the fragrant arbutus lifted its star-like blossoms to the sky. And after a day of mingled joy and sorrow, Tom and Mary returned to Mary's home, where they must say good-bye, as Thomas' train left at ten o'clock. Tom went by his uncle's to tell them good-bye and to get his bag-

gage and take it to the station, so he could go directly to his train from the Townsend home. The few remaining hours slipped by, and it was only a short time before he must leave when Mary went to the piano to play his favorite songs for him for the last time. She played each one he had loved in the happy days, now gone forever, and then slowly began to sing a song that Tom had never heard before. It was that beautiful "One Fleeting Hour," and the words and melody sank deep into his soul, and came to him in after days, when the sense of loneliness and yearning filled his soul and made him question whether life was worth living. Never could he forget them, and on that night it came as a benediction to their happy days together and sent him on his way with a new spirit of courage and of peace. The words, by Karl Fuhrmann, are:

"When the twilight of eve dims the sun's last ray,
And the shades of the night gather fast;
There is one fleeting hour that I've prayed would stay,
Full of joy and pain that's passed.
And perhaps you may know of its wondrous spell,
Its smiles and bitter tears;
And emotions arise that no words can tell,
As you look back o'er the years.

"But that one fleeting hour, with its dreams, is gone,
And the mists of the night slowly rise;
Then 'tis well to forget and go bravely on
With a smile, spite of tear-dimmed eyes.
For one fleeting hour can make you strong,
If you will but heed its call;
And then every day shall be one glad song,
Full of love that conquers all."

And then he told her farewell in words too sacred for the ears of a casual listener to hear, and he left stronger in his determination to be worthy of that love which was his, and because of the memory of that one last fleeting hour.

* * * * * * * * * *

Christmas came again, with its hallowed memories and its wonderful meaning, but this year a new feeling was running throughout the season and the occasion meant more to Mary

Townsend than it had ever meant before. She could not enter into the festivities as she had on the previous year, for there were too many poignant memories connected with those experiences for her to be able to take part in the celebrations when she realized that Thomas was in danger over the seas. The letters she received were very bright and full of hope; but, reading between the lines, she felt the tragedy that he was witnessing, but was trying to keep from her. These letters were her only joy, and even they could not remove the dread apprehension from her mind. And then suddenly they stopped, and for weeks she lived from day to day in agonizing suspense. And at last there came a brief notice that Thomas had been captured by the enemy—a piece of news that was almost as bad as the worst she had feared. But youth lives in hope, and her spirits could not long remain dark and gloomy, for she soon began to believe that Tom would escape and return to his post with our men. But months passed, and still no news, and the buoyant hope that had so readily risen began to lose its brightness and to grow into a feeling akin to fear. But at last came the glad news that the armistice had been signed, followed soon by a letter from Thomas, assuring her that he was not much the worse for his fearful experiences, and that he hoped to soon be home again. With this joyous news, life once more assumed its rosy color for Mary, and she seemed to be once more the happy and joyous girl that she had always been.

But suddenly there came, without any warning, the dreadful news that Thomas had been killed by the explosion of some shells that he was carrying. For days it seemed that Mary would never recover from the shock, and that her mind would be permanently impaired, or that the feeble spark of life would be snuffed out. But slowly health began to return to her body, and she was at last well enough to accompany her parents to California, where life was once more fully restored and where her spirit began to revive under the warmth of the southern sunshine and through the influence that the wonderful scenery had upon her mind. But for many weeks no mention could be made to her of the tragedy that had wrecked

her hopes and almost destroyed her young life. For a long time she could not bear to talk with any young men, but gradually she became reconciled to her fate, and began to remember the promise which she made Tom before he left—that if he did not come back she would not ruin her life in selfish grief, but that if one whom she could learn to love should seek her hand that she would not refuse him, and thus lose a chance to live the life that God had intended for her.

So gradually she began to accept the attentions of George Walter, a young novelist, who had been spending the winter out in California, and who was from the State next to her own, Virginia. At first, she could recognize him only as a friend, but slowly the friendship deepened into a feeling of love, although she realized that this love was poor in comparison with that wonderful passion of youth that she had felt for Thomas Marshall, and which would never die, but would always be present to enrich her life and make her realize more its deeper meaning. And finally, when the time came to return home, she gave him her promise that she would become his wife some time in the future, although she could not say when. Slowly the days went by and the mountains of her native State once more became tinged with the glory of autumn's crimson and gold, and at last she reached the decision that their wedding would take place on Thanksgiving Day. With this decision there did not come the unbounded joy that had come with her first love, but there was the abiding conviction that she was doing right, as Tom had requested it of her.

But, meanwhile in France, Thomas had not been killed by the explosion, but only wounded to such a degree that there seemed no possible hope for his recovery, and in that way the false report had gotten out about his death. For months he lingered at death's door, but slowly his wonderful constitution gained the victory and he gradually regained his health. But his face had been so disfigured that the surgeons were forced to perform the operation upon it that skill and practice had given them in remaking the features made repulsive by the havoc of the bursting shells. Since Tom had no photograph

of himself, they were forced to work by conjecture, and the new countenance they gave bore very little resemblance to his former one. It was a still longer time before he recovered the use of his eyes, and he had gotten one of the motherly nurses to write to Mary and to his uncle in Asheville, but both letters were returned unopened, with the sad news that his uncle's family had been swept away by the dread epidemic of influenza and that Miss Townsend had moved away from Asheville, leaving no address, and had not returned for months. There now seemed little use to live, since all the joy was gone out of life; for he almost knew that the epidemic had taken the life of the girl whom he loved. But again his nature asserted itself, and he slowly recovered his health and sight, and decided to return to his native land in order to find the grave of the one whom he had loved better than life itself.

When Thomas arrived in Asheville he was recognized by no one, and he felt too sad and forlorn to care whether his old associates knew him or not. Buying a paper at the corner stand, he was shocked to read in the society column that Mr. and Mrs. George Walter, of Richmond, were in town on a visit to Mrs. Walter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Townsend. At first, he could not realize the tragedy that now faced him, but at last he remembered that he had exacted such a promise from Mary before he left, and that in marrying she was but fulfilling her promise to him. In a dazed state, he took the car out to her home, and on it he overheard the conversation of two garrulous old women, who were talking of how Thomas Marshall's death had affected Mary Townsend, and of how surprised all were when she married. From their conversation he learned all he wanted to know, as she had married a man worthy of her love. He got off the car at the block in which Mary lived and slowly walked past her old home. He could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw her seated at the piano, in the soft reflection of the rose-colored light, and heard her softly singing "One Fleeting Hour." By the feeling that was evidenced in her voice he knew that her mind was full of old memories, and that the one fleeting hour

of parting that he had spent with her had given her the strength to go on and live the life that he had requested her to live in case he never came back. The realization came to him that if it were not for that hour and its memories he would not be able to go on himself, but that in the memory of that love he could go back and give his life to France, and that his life would be ennobled by that wonderful love that would conquer all.

* * * * * * * * * *

Several years later, in the dusk in an American cemetery in France, there sat an American missionary alone with his violin, apparently wrapped in memories that stirred the depths of his soul and left the traces of suffering on his face. He seemed apparently unconscious of the visitors who were quietly moving about among the graves of those who had given their lives under the banner of America for the freedom of humanity. At last he lifted his violin to his chin and there poured forth the lovely strains of "One Fleeting Hour" into the stillness of the evening's twilight. In the far end of the cemetery a lone woman in black suddenly stopped and listened with an expression of marvelous incredulity. The depth of feeling that came out of the music seemed to stir her innermost soul, and she waited motionless until the last note had lingeringly died out before she started towards the player. As she saw his face a feeling of unspeakable disappointment passed over her countenance, and it was manifested in her voice as she quietly asked the stranger if he could direct her to the grave of Thomas Marshall. The answer filled her with surprise when he told her, in a voice strangely familiar, that he was not buried there. As she turned away in disappointment, she was startled by the strained note of the stranger's voice as he quietly asked her if it was for him that she wore mourning. But she slowly shook her head and said that it was for her husband.

Then suddenly the stranger dropped his violin and, in a voice filled with an almost incredible feeling of gladness, he cried: "Mary, don't you know me?" And then, with a cry of

joy, she threw herself into his outstretched arms and sobbed with joy as he kissed her again and again. Later they told each other all, and as the moon slowly rose above the distant hills, they again plighted their troth and consecrated their lives to the service of helping to rebuild France, which had so gloriously given its all in the fight in which she had saved the liberty of the world. J. P. B., '19.

'JES AS LONESOME

(WRITTEN TO W. D. W., '19, BY G. D. SANDERS, '18, SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.)

Gee! I'm lonesome as a church mouse,
'Cause there ain't no one at our house
Who will stay at home to keep me company;
How I'd like to sit and talk here,
Or go out for a little walk there;
Gee! I wish I had you here for company.
There, I hear the bugle's note—
"Lights out. Go to bed."
Bet if I were home tonight
I'd go out instead.

Jack went off somewhere or other—
Maybe 'twas to see his brother;
Left me here to keep my own self company;
And all day I've been so lonely;
If you'd been here with me, only
I'd have had the very best of company!
There's the bugle's final note—
"Lights out. All a-bed."
Bet if you were here tonight
We'd go out instead.

"DEE."

THE EVOLUTION OF THE PRESS.

S WE trace in our minds the multitude of events of the past four years and compare them with the events of those humdrum years which ante-dated the first shot that awoke us as an international people, we are given a clearer conception of what the average daily newspaper has meant to us as a nation. Prior to the world war the functions of the press were traditional; its influence was conceded. We had been led fatuously to believe that the daily press was representative of a full unbonded democracy; that it propagated and led in discussion of vital issues affecting local and national conditions, and most important of all, that it was listened to and believed, and was authoritative in an unbiased way. This applies only to the better, independent publications; it does not consider the so-called yellow journal or panderer to malign powers.

The tradition, looked at in retrospect, is like many other traditions, built on fancy, which only a catastrophe could shatter. Looking squarely at the dull facts from every angle, one is appalled by the lack of real influence that the press was exerted for these past decades. The average reader, so dear to the heart of every editor, was ordinarily interested in his paper, not as a social instrument for public welfare, but in one or two special departments, conducted by specialists for the purpose of promoting the circulation of the paper, and which bore no relative value to the press as an economic medium. Sports, the stock quotations, the humorous page, the cartoons,—all had their partisans who paid their money for these features alone, and the rest of the paper they ignored. The daily press had ceased to be an informer, and has become an entertainer.

Then came the great clap of cosmic thunder that rocked the earth and which awoke us as an international people; we were involved in a series of gigantic international complications. The sports, the stock quotations, the humorous page, all became subsidiary, while the country's position became paramount. For the first time in decades the daily press was performing its true function,—the duty of disseminating the

world's news to an eagerly awaiting public. The editorial page was sought, was listened to and commented upon by its readers. Overnight the newspaper had taken its rightful place in the community; it had become an integral part of its readers' lives. Was not this a notable accomplishment? Can the press maintain this elevated position in the daily life of our nation, and even of the world? If there is a fighting chance, would it not be worth while?

Let us first consider what brought about this evolution of the press during the great war. Its readers, not merely those who subscribed to the newspaper, but everyone, all of us, were so eager to learn of some new development in the great events of the day that the press was forced to issue special editions, every few hours, months on months. But still we were not satisfied. We watched the bulletin boards between extra editions, with the hope of satisfying our keen desire for news. Business men left their desks, housewives their homes, and all of us, the little school boy, the aged war veteran, the laborer, and the banker, all stood side by side, eager to get a glimpse of the latest news from the front. However, we were not interested in the news from the front alone. On the contrary, we desired to know everything that was taking place in the world, which had any bearing upon the big task at hand.

The reading public itself has elevated the newspaper to its present indispensable position, because it has found the daily press to be a public servant. It has found it to be the only means, the simplest and swiftest means for giving the vital events of the day to the world with the most accuracy. There was hardly a family in America which was not in some direct way connected with the American army in Europe. These millions wanted first the uncolored news, then the editor's comments regarding the significance of this news to them individually and to the country as an entity. Man was thinking. The world was experiencing the travail of re-birth, as we looked, at last, to the daily press as our informant. The press has taken its rightful place in the community, and through the reliance of the public upon it as a source of information,

through its reliability and accuracy, it has so woven itself into society, into the workshop and into the home, that it has become an integral part of our lives.

The accuracy of the press in promulgating the current events of the war was measured solely by the limits of modern science and human efficiency. The cost of obtaining news was lost sight of in the untiring effort to keep a hungry public informed of the multitude of events taking place in the world. The cost of obtaining news during the four years of war, to the Associated Press alone, amounted to $16,000,000 more than it did in any previous four years in its history. The Associated Press is but one of many similar news gathering agencies. If the total cost to the newspaper industry of furnishing the public mind with the news of the world war could be compiled and the figures stated in dollars and cents, they would aggregate an enormous sum.

But what has been the cost to the subscribers and readers of our newspapers? While books and periodicals of every description have advanced to such unparalleled standards of prices that they were practically a luxury to the masses, our very best daily newspapers still sell for the insignificant price of two cents a copy. This one feature alone has placed our daily publications in the homes of approximately ninety per cent. of our entire population. The masses who had little or no interest in them before the war, except as a means of entertainment, those who read infrequently, and were living in their small, limited, narrow world of events, have been shocked with this intellectual current, and to them the daily press is far greater than a mere informer; it is their criterion and standard for world progress. It is indeed an unprogressive daily newspaper that has not at least doubled its circulation since 1914, and thereby doubled its grip and influence upon the community in which it exists.

In this brief exposition of the added prestige and influence upon the public that the daily press has attained since 1914, the one fact that stands forth as a flaming beacon of hope against a murky sky of doubt is the belief in the stability of the news-

papers' present position. The modern successful daily newspaper has become too much of a social conscience to permit itself to grovel in the dirt of cheap local politics or to put itself at the beck and call of those who seek to secure plunder by fleecing the public through franchise privileges. The best thought in modern newspaper making tends toward the support of the best men for the offices and the support of projects of genuine service to the community. The day of the partisan newspaper, if not gone, is fast going.

J. W. P., '20.

THE MESSAGE OF NATURE

Ah! when I stand upon the shore
And watch the waves as they rise,
And see their mighty pow'r
And the force that never dies;
When I hear the billows roar,
As they dash upon the sand,
And see the breakers race
To meet the rocks on the strand;
I marvel at the Power
Which rules them with His will,
And sends them on their way,
And bids the tempest be still.

When I view the mighty hills,
With their peaks that pierce the sky,
And see the matchless glory
Of bowlders piled up on high;
And stand on top of a peak,
Which the storms of ages have scarred,
And see its vast beauty,
And know it cannot be marred;
A sense of wonder and awe
Stirs the depths of my very soul,
And I feel small and helpless
In the presence of the wonders I behold.

And when I look out o'er the vale
And see the plains so wide,
Filled with many wonders
And the gifts of God on each side;
When I see a great city
And the works of the mind of man,
It seems to be all a part
Of Jehovah's infinite plan;
For He has made the world,
And all the wonders therein,
As a place for man to live
And to serve and honor Him.

Then, when I gaze up at the stars
And see their silvery light,
Where they are shining afar
As candles in the gloom of night;
When I hear of the many worlds
That are scattered out in space,
And know of the marvelous force
That holds them true to their place;
I wonder how a God so great
Can, in His infinite pow'r,
Be ever thoughtful of man
And shield him every hour.

But when I see the tiny seed
Put forth its leaf in spring,
And grow into a wondrous bud
Of which the poets sing;
And when I see in Nature
The marks of His great care,
My heart can understand
And lose its sense of fear;
And then in wonder sublime
I love and worship Him,
And hope to ever continue
His care—to dwell therein. J. P. B., '19.

A MOONSHINER'S WIT

ON'T look like nobody's hoss in these parts," muttered Bill Bowles, as he propped on his goose-necked hoe, took a fresh chew of "homespun" and stood gazing down the road toward an approaching horse and rider.

"A stranger, sure nuff, an' most likely one o' them cussed revenues," he continued later, spurting a sharp stream of yellow fluid between his teeth, as the rider halted in front of his cabin and hailed.

On this morning Bill Bowles, the speaker of the above words, who was a notorious moonshiner, was engaged in the cultivation of his garden. This little patch of domestic vegetation lay within a few feet of a small three-roomed log house, which had lately been adorned with a new stick and mud chimney and a narrow front porch, and stood in a beautiful grove of huge mountain oaks which grew by the roadside. It was in the foothills of North Carolina in the early seventies, when most of the inhabitants of that section of the country believed in and even died for their right of doing whatever they pleased with the corn and apples which grew on their little farms. An officer of the law was looked upon as a mere prowling dog, who deserved to be shot on sight. And they generally were.

But the bold appearance of this man had caught Bill somewhat off his guard. Other men who had come to arrest him had tried it by stealth, but this fellow came with a cheerful "Hello!" to the front gate of Bill's home.

"Won't ye light an' look at yer saddle, stranger?" answered Bill to the salutation of the man, as he came from the little garden and nervously unlatched the gate.

"Is this where Mr. William Bowles lives?" asked the stranger, alighting and hitching his horse to the overhanging bough of an oak.

The strange visitor was a tall, fair-complected, muscular young man of about thirty, and wore a coarse brown suit, a broad brimmed hat, a black cravat and a pair of high-topped

boots. Bill was a little, bony creature, with gray hair and a wrinkled face that probably placed him in the sixties. He wore a blue hickory shirt, a rush hat and a dirty, frazzled pair of home-made jeans.

"Ye can jes' bet yer boots," retorted Bill to the stranger's question. "An' a finer little farm can't be—"

But the sentence was never finished; for, in the flash of a second, the strong, iron hand of the stranger had gripped the small wrists of the moonshiner and had snapped upon them a shining pair of steel bracelets.

"You have long escaped the arm of the law, Bowles," smiled the strong young fellow, untying his restless horse, "but at last we have you, and the hundred dollars reward for your capture will go a long way toward keeping a wife and two babies through the coming winter."

"Can't I be 'lowed to put on some decent togs?" whimpered Bill, as the voice of his busy wife, who was all unconscious of the arrest, raised the tune of a familiar folk-song while she toiled away in the kitchen.

"Be quick, then," snapped the young officer, unlocking the handcuffs from his wrists, "and I'll stand here and keep an eye on the hallway."

Bill entered the door to the left and closed it behind him, while the deputy kept careful watch in the yard. Presently he heard Bill inquiring of "Ma" about his Sunday jacket. The next moment an old woman, wearing a spotted calico dress, an old-fashioned split bonnet, in the depths of which could be seen a wrinkled mouth, which constantly puffed on an old clay pipe, emerged from the same room.

"I never keeps up 'ith any o' yer rags," coughed the old lady, as she tottered out on the porch, sat down in a small, home-made rocker and began to knit.

Everything became quiet in the room into which the prisoner had gone, and the deputy waited patiently for fifteen minutes before becoming anxious. Then, to hurry the prisoner, he knocked on the porch with his riding whip and sent a whistle through the house which resulted in the presence of

Bill's wife at the door. With feigned ignorance of all that had happened, she invited him into the sitting room and, upon being informed of his business there, readily consented to his searching the house for his prisoner.

Pistol in hand, he cautiously pushed open the door of the room, expecting to be met at any second with the thud of a stick or the flash of a gun. At first, he could see nothing for the darkness, but when his vision had become accustomed to it, he became conscious of the fact that the room was practically empty. A bed, an old wooden chest and two chairs made up the furniture. Nothing was to be seen. The prisoner was gone.

"Two windows and one door, all on the front side of the house," muttered the young officer an hour later, after he had searched the little home from the roof to the ground, not finding the least trace of the moonshiner. His position at the front of the house had given him full view of the only possible means of escape. What had become of his prisoner? The thought worried him. He felt keenly not only the loss of the reward, but also the fact that he had been defeated, something which had never happened to him before in all his career as an officer of the law. Feeling dejected and beaten, he swung into his saddle and galloped toward town.

"Two windows, one door, and a cold hundred gone," he sighed two hours later, as he saw the smoke circling from the chimney of his own little home in the valley.

* * * * * * * * * *

Ten years have passed since the above incident. Bill Bowles, the moonshiner, has forsaken the old life and is now a prosperous citizen of the town. His little copper still is now being used in making a well known medicine for the use of his fellow man. He is also an intimate friend of the young officer, who is now in the political race for the House of Representatives on a prohibition platform. He has been invited to the home of Mr. Wm. F. Bowles for tea. Bill has never disclosed to him the secret of his mysterious disappearance.

"For the last time," pleaded the young politician smilingly,

as they seated themselves at the table, "won't you tell me how you did it?"

"Do you remember," said Bill, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "do you remember the old lady with calico dress and the old split-bonnet who sat on the porch with her knittin' an' puffed on the clay pipe?"

"That was you, eh?" smiled the young politician, as the truth burst upon him.

"The only time my wife's wardrobe was ever useful to me," answered Bill, drinking the last of his second cup of coffee.

"By the way," he continued, changing the subject to a serious turn, "I've decided to vote for you."

R. C. G., '21.

ON THE CHAPEL STEPS

I wonder who is lounging there today,
On that spot where we whiled the time away;
On those old stone steps, so high and steep,
'Mid laughter and talk, both shallow and deep.

I see them now, letting golden hours slip by,
Sprawled out on the grass in the sun they lie,
Half sleeping, content with their lazy lot.
I long to be there on that dear old spot.

I long to repeat those wonderful hours once more,
To return to those steps by the chapel door.
I'm as gay as the song of a bird I hear—
For my chums have returned to live with me there.

There's the old quartet, picked anew from the loafers each time,
Selected each day to sing some old rhyme.
Tho' 'twas oft out of tune and the notes sounded flat,
'Twas such a relief from so much idle chat.

And the din of chat and song all rose above
And floated away like the coo of a dove.
Now I have left, who has taken my place
On those dear old chapel steps—who is setting the pace?

A. Y. D., '19.

THE Y. M. C. A. IN THE WAR

THE Y. M. C. A., without a doubt, played a more important part in winning the war than any other organization or association. In fact, by building up and keeping up the morale of the fighting men, we are almost safe in saying that the Y. M. C. A. won the war. But its work did not stop here. This organization has done its best to make a better, more intelligent and enlightened civilization for the world by developing the soldiers morally and mentally. Let us see briefly what the "Y" has been doing.

It has paid special attention to the entertainment of the fighting men. Huts, placed in every camp and scattered all over France, were the only entertainment that many soldiers received. In these huts there were magazines, books, games, victrolas and pianos. Were it not for this form of entertainment, many soldiers would idle away their spare time in undesirable and degrading places.

The "Y" also did much toward developing the men physically. Athletic directors were in every army center. His time was devoted to training the men in boxing, wrestling and other sports. Football and baseball material was furnished. This kind of pastime built up the soldiers, kept them from unhealthful places and probably did a great work in preventing sickness.

Among the greatest accomplishments of the Y. M. C. A. is its work in educating the men. About one-fourth of the men drafted from the South were illiterate. Many more could do no more than write their names. The Y. M. C. A. took charge of these men and organized night schools for them. By this work many have learned to read and write, and others have improved their education. This work is being kept up, and many unfortunate men will be trained for useful citizenship.

If the Y. M. C. A. had done nothing but develop the morals of our soldiers and sailors, we should commend it for that work. After all, the character of each soldier in an army is

what makes that army powerful and respected. France would not have wanted America to send an army of unprincipled, dissolute and dishonest men to her borders. We would have been ashamed to send such. But it is very probable that our soldiers would have soon fallen into the wrong path had not some organization been there to advise, influence and guide them. The value of the Y. M. C. A. can be realized more easily when we learn that Germany did not have such an organization to go along with her army. The equipment of the Germans was equal to and in many instances surpassed that of the Allies. The German people were, before the war, recognized as a God-fearing nation. But when millions of men were collected, without any attention paid to sustaining and developing character, with the idea that they would be made immune from punishment because their Kaiser was a co-partner of God, we understand why the German soldiers engaged in inhuman, barbarous, unforgivable deeds. And so the Y. M. C. A. is responsible, to a great extent, for the high, manly morals that distinguish our army.

We hear, occasionally, reports that the Y. M. C. A. has failed in its work in France. These reports come from men who delight in finding faults. Every department in our Government, every organization which has helped at all in the war, had certain faults. The Y. M. C. A.—just as all of the above—had some defects and did not do all of its work with the highest degree of efficiency. We must consider that the secretaries sent to France were untrained in their work, except for some who did receive a few weeks' training. It was a hard matter to get material across. Considering these, the shortcomings of the "Y" should be overlooked and its good work should be considered.

The Red Cross carried on the humanitarian work; the Salvation Army, the American Library Association and other organizations each had one duty to perform. But the Y. M. C. A. had many, all of which were important. It looked after the physical, mental and moral interests of the soldiers. War means little to the man who is physically prepared, being dis-

abled means little to the man who is mentally prepared, and death means little to the man who is morally prepared. The Y. M. C. A. has done its duty in a commendable way. All the organizations engaged in the war work were necessary, but when we consider which was the most important, most beneficial and most elevating, we must admit that it was the Y. M. C. A.

J. B. B., '22.

IN MEMORIAM

To the Wofford Men Who Made the Supreme Sacrifice

CAPTAIN W. A. HUDGENS, '97.

LIEUTENANT E. F. McWHIRTER, '04.

LIEUTENANT MONTAGUE NICHOLLS, '11.

LIEUTENANT J. T. MONROE, '13.

EARLE A. DAVIDSON, '14.

LIEUTENANT T. D. LAKE, JR., '14.

LIEUTENANT F. C. MONTGOMERY, '14.

LIEUTENANT H. M. SMITH, '14.

LIEUTENANT T. C. HERBERT, '14.

ROBERT T. FLETCHER, '16.

CLARENCE A. LEWIS, '16.

FRANK L. CHENNAULT, '17.

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Contributions for the Literary Department must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. Short stories, essays and poems are solicited, and this department is open to every student.

Four medals are given by the Staff during the year. A short story medal is given to the member of the Junior or Senior Classes submitting the best short story from those classes, and also to the member of the Freshman or Sophomore Classes submitting the best short story from those classes. One medal is given for the best essay coming from any student, and one for the best poem.

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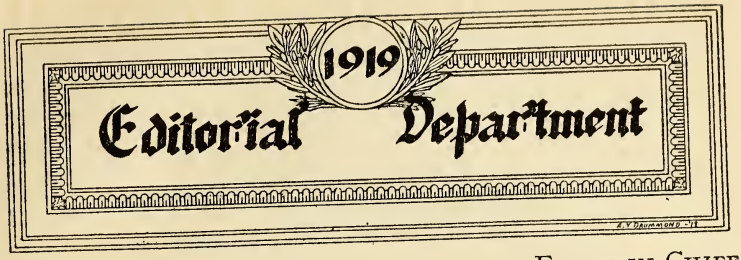

J. P. Barron.....Editor-in-Chief
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The End of the College Year

Commencement, that goal towards which we Seniors have been striving for four long years, is now nearly at hand, and final examinations will soon begin. It is difficult for us to realize that our remaining time at old Wofford is so limited, and it is not without a feeling of regret, tinged with sadness, that we realize that our places will soon be filled by others, and that we must leave the protecting shelter of these old college walls and go out to face and meet the battles of life. Viewed by the eyes of Freshmen, commencement seems to be a day for rejoicing and a time when any feeling of regret is rather out of place. But when that goal is near at hand a man begins to realize how hard it is to break away from the life of which he has been a rather intimate part for four years and to give up all the pleasant associations that he has had in that period of labor. But we realize that we must face the reality of life and that all of our time cannot be spent in college, and so now the time has come when we must leave college to return no more as students. But in leaving we do not sever our connection with Wofford, but merely join that large number of faithful alumni who are ever loyal to their *alma mater*.

Perhaps never before have college men passed through a similar four years in college, for in this period the world has passed through the most gigantic war in human history, and is now facing a period of reconstruction on the most tremendous scale that it has ever experienced before. The feeling of un-

rest soon permeated the college atmosphere and made it hard for men to devote their attention to the routine of college life. After our country had entered the war, it became harder to devote our time to our studies when calls were being made for volunteers to fight for the principles so dear to the heart of every true American. Numbers of men felt the call of country too strongly to remain longer in college, and seeing these men leave made it harder for the others to stay by the task which President Wilson thought we could best serve our country by performing. But finally it became necessary for the Government to devise some student organization which would enable college men to continue their preparation for life and for the period of reconstruction which would follow the making of peace, and at the same time to prepare these men for future officers of the army. And so there came into existence the organization known as the Students' Army Training Corps, and the spirit in which the college men of our land met this new experience is a lasting tribute to the spirit of Democracy, in that the men were willing to avoid the spectacular and to submit to what greater minds had deemed best for them to do. But the signing of the armistice made it impossible for these men to see any real military service and necessitated the disbandment of the newly formed S. A. T. C. and the reorganization of college courses on a pre-war basis. This reorganization furnished a still further test, and in this the college men have not failed to measure up to what was expected of them. And now we are approaching the end of our college year, and the time will soon be at hand when the Seniors must give up their places in college to make room for others and go out to take their places in life.

We have tried to measure up to the duties that were ours in college, and have gladly and willingly done all we could to do our part in the various college activities. We realize wherein we have failed, and hope for those who will soon take our places the greatest possible success. As our college career has been more exacting than that of former times, so the problems that we go out to meet are greater. In the recon-

struction to come, in which the world must be reorganized and rebuilt upon broader and greater principles, the college men of the present are to be no small factors. In the new day to come greater things are going to be expected of college men, and the world is not going to tolerate much longer the old carelessness and aimlessness that, sad to say, has characterized many college students of the past. In a day that will challenge the best effort that men can put forth, college men must lay aside much of their former frivolousness and meet their duties in such a way as will prepare them for the greater demand that is to be made of them. As we go forth to meet the demands of this greater civilization, which we must aid in building, we realize our deficiencies; but, inspired by the ideals and principles that we have learned at Wofford, we shall do all in our power to live up to the record that has been made by those who have preceded us. To those we leave behind us we now give over the tasks we have gladly tried to fill, and of them we expect all that they can do in helping to build the greater Wofford of the future.

National Thrift

Of all lessons that have been learned by our country in the experience through which we, as a nation, have just passed, probably the most valuable is that of national and individual thrift. The American nation has been very prodigal with her marvelous abundance of natural resources, and her citizens have failed to learn the value of careful and systematic thrift and saving. In the United States great fortunes have quickly been made, and the natural tendency has been for the poor man to become discouraged and to fail to realize the importance of svaing and investing his small surplus because of its insignificance in comparison with the vast fortunes of the Morgans, the Rockefellers, the Vanderbilts and the Rothschilds. And even in the apparently small matter of the conservation of food our people have been very unconcerned and yearly vast amounts of foodstuffs were wasted through ignorance and carelessness. Apparently we were a nation given to the love

of the frivolous and entertaining, and wholly forgetful and unmindful of those very opportunities which would have easily given us a position of commercial supremacy over all rivals.

But when our country entered into the great war, we began slowly to realize how prodigal we had been in our extravagant expenditures and careless waste. And when our people understood that the fate of the world depended on the amount of food that we sent to our allies, they nobly responded to the requests of our Government and co-operated with the authorities in eliminating all possible waste and in the conservation of shipable foodstuffs. In this we have learned a very valuable lesson, for we now know that we can live much more economically than we had been accustomed to live, and have also been taught how to eliminate much useless waste. The relative values of various foods have been found by Government research, and this, too, is of great importance, as we can now live not only more economically, but can also apply this knowledge to the art of cooking and nourish our bodies with a better balanced diet. Therefore, in the matter of the knowledge of food alone our country has gained a great benefit from the war.

But still more important than the conservation of food is the other lesson we learned in regard to thrift. In order to finance the war, we had to float five great issues of Liberty Bonds, and a large amount of these were bought by the laboring classes. Not only did our Government find this method of raising the necessary funds for conducting the war, but it has also incidentally taught the laboring classes the great and invaluable lesson of careful and systematic saving. But the Government went even further, and issued War Savings Stamps and Thrift Stamps to induce even the poorest working man to save his money and at the same time to perform his part in financing the war. Thus our citizens have been given the opportunity of investing in securities at a time when the dollar had decreased in value to about half its original value, and to receive the full value for their money invested when our country has once more returned to normal economic and finan-

cial conditions. This will be of inestimable value to our country, and no doubt will play an important part in bettering the condition of the laboring and middle classes and at the same time enable our country to retain its position of commercial leadership in the world.

And now we ask the question, "Exactly what significance does this have for the college student?" Immediately the reply comes that he or she must begin to learn this lesson of thrift in college, and therefore must begin now to co-operate with our Government in the present thrift campaign. Of course, it is not possible for the average college student to save very much at college, but if each student would only begin to save a portion of the money that is yearly thrown away at college it would prove to be of untold importance to him or her in after life. Psychology tells us that the best period in life to form good habits is while the system is developing and the nervous tissue is more plastic and more easily molded into certain forms which are the neutral basis for action and habits. Therefore, it is extremely important that college students begin to learn early the valuable habit of careful and systematic saving, and, although they may not save but very insignificant sums, an extremely valuable habit will have been formed which may be of untold value in after life. Therefore, college men and women, let's all of us get in line with this movement and invest our spare change in Thrift Stamps, which will in time grow into War Savings Stamps, and, besides being a splendid investment, will enable us to form a habit which may mean very much to us in after life.

The Staff's Farewell

With this issue of The Journal the staff of '18-'19 completes the year's work, and therefore will turn over the affairs of this publication to the newly elected staff. The work has been a very pleasant one, and the interest that the students have shown in our literary magazine has been exceedingly gratifying to the editors, who had rather dreaded the task of searching for the material to publish, as that is usually the

chief difficulty of editing a college publication. But with each issue the number of contributions has increased, and we sincerely regret that a lack of space prevents the publication of more of the material handed in for this issue. In behalf of the incoming staff we would urge all the students to keep up the interest that they have shown in THE JOURNAL this year and to do all they can to make our publication one of the best in the South. And in behalf of the retiring staff we wish to express our gratification for the support that has been given us. The spirit that is now existing on the campus is excellent, and we departing Seniors feel sure that in the future all activities are going to prosper as never before, and that old Wofford will keep her place among the leading colleges of the South.

R. M. NABERS.....EDITOR

The Wesleyan

The literary department opens with a pretty and appropriate little poem entitled "Easter Morning." The verse form is a little unusual for a college magazine, but it is well handled. We are pleased to see one of our exchanges writing on the great centenary movement. The essay, "He Is Risen," treats of this subject in a very creditable manner. "The Call of the Easter Lily" is highly decorated prose. It could be very easily changed into an ode to spring. We can't help but enjoy the rippling movement of the poem "To the Rainbow Men." The thought is also beautiful and is clearly expressed. "Assorted Nuts" is a real interesting short story, with an unusual plot which is cleverly worked out. We also would like to commend the author on the title of her story—it is one which commands attention at once. This is one of the important things in short story writing—to get an attractive title, one which will fill the reader with curiosity from the very beginning. However, the scenes shift too rapidly and without a smooth transition. "Just for a Kiss" is one of the most fascinating contributions in the magazine. It seems to be a real story, for the conversation, so far as we are able to imagine, is true to life. The editorial department is well written. However, we think an editorial department should be a little broader than this.

Speaking of *The Wesleyan* as a whole, it is a well arranged and evenly balanced magazine, and we are glad to have it numbered among our exchanges this year.

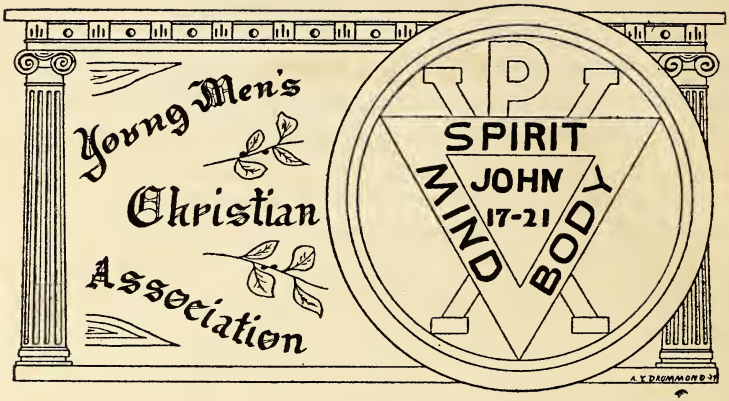
The College of Charleston Magazine

The opening poem, entitled "Sonnet," is obscure in its meaning. The words seem to have been chosen very carefully, but after reading it one fails to grasp just what the author had in mind when the Sonnet was penned. "The Question of Personal Privilege" is an essay in opposition to the infringement of what the author terms personal liberty. We sincerely appreciate his position, but since he takes special notice of the prohibition amendment and makes this the center of his attack we must take issue with him and advocate a policy of "the greatest good for the greatest number." "His Greater Love" is one of the most interesting short stories we have read in some time. We are left at the height of interest when the story is to be continued, and immediately we draw on our imagination as to what will be the conclusion. As a general rule stories should be short enough to be concluded in one issue of a college publication, but this exception is perfectly justifiable. The next article is a short story, "The Cost of a Chance." Here is a real comical story, as the comical strain runs throughout the story, and the conclusion is a natural result of the antecedent action. The editorial on "The Bolsheviki" is extremely interesting. Here the writer has given us some food for thought, and it will fully pay everyone to ponder seriously over the conclusion which he draws.

We are glad to acknowledge the following exchanges: *The Wesleyan, The College of Charleston Magazine, The Criterion, The Isaqueena, The Furman Echo, The Collegian, The Bessie Tift Journal, The Cerberus, The Concept, The Emory Phoenix,* and *The Orion.*

This issue of the WOFFORD JOURNAL brings to a close our year's work. To say that we have thoroughly enjoyed it is but

expressing our feelings mildly. It has been one of the greatest pleasures of our entire college career to read the publications of those institutions whose exchanges we have received this year. We have tried to criticize impartially, and all suggestions have been made with the idea of improving our college journalism. It is a regretable fact that so many editors are inclined to "hand out bouquets" instead of offering suggestions whereby the faults might be as nearly as possible eliminated. All adverse criticisms we have made have been offered with this idea in view, and we sincerely hope they have been accepted in the same spirit. Our exchanges this year have been of an unusually high standard, and if each retiring staff will pass on to their successors their experiences and give gentle hints as to next year's work, this high standard may be raised even higher. Hence, it is with a mixed feeling of joy and sadness that we bring to a close our work and bid good-bye to our exchanges. It is with a hearty wish for a successful year next year to each one of you that we close.



D. H. Dantzler.....Editor

For the last few weeks the regular Friday night meetings of the Y. M. C. A. have been given over to a series of discussions upon the momentous issues facing the people of different parts of the world and the relationship of the various forces of Christianity to the program of reconstruction after the war. This "World Forum," as it is called, is led by Rev. J. W. Frazer, of Spartanburg, and the students take part by asking questions or making comments upon various phases of the topic under discussion.

The problems before the Far East, including China, Japan and Korea, were discussed first; and at subsequent meetings India, and later France, were studied from various angles.

All of these discussions, as led by Dr. Frazer, have proved very interesting and instructive, and the series has served as a window whereby the students have been enabled to get a clearer and more comprehensive view of the people in various parts of the world. The students have also caught a glimpse of their own opportunities in the building of the new social, economic and political order which will be, as never before, possible for all parts of the world in the new era of Peace.

The following officers have been elected for the coming year: President, B. F. Carmichael; Vice-President, J. C. Watson; Secretary, T. J. Herbert; Treasurer, L. O. Clinkscales.

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